THE FORTNIGHTLY

OCTOBER, 1934

RUSSIA THROUGH COLOURED GLASSES

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

NO large country is such an enigma to the outside world as is the Soviet Union. Nowhere is there such a wide margin between what the resident of long standing knows to be true and what the short-term visitor may be led to believe is true. Nowhere are so many major events partially or entirely concealed from foreign knowledge.

A portion of the responsibility for this ignorance of Soviet conditions certainly rests with the extraordinary and, in some cases, unprecedented restrictions which are imposed on the work of foreign journalists, and with the Soviet policy of administering large doses of official propaganda to every group of tourists that visits Russia.

The Soviet authorities have worked out a number of definite regulations, to say nothing of various methods of indirect pressure, for the purpose of keeping the less agreeable aspects of Soviet life out of the columns of the foreign press. First of all there is the preliminary censorship of all press telegrams. Censorship in other European countries, even in those which have dictatorial regimes, is something which is imposed in periods of considerable stress and emergency—and then is usually evaded with comparative ease. The telephone is always at hand ; and, if this is cut off, the correspondent can dash over the nearest border and telegraph his message from another country.

In the Soviet Union the use of the telephone for conveying press messages which have not been approved by the censor is illegal ; and a journalist who left Russia to send a piece of correspondence which could not be sent from Moscow would, in all probability, be denied re-entrance. Mailed articles are not subject to censorship ; but news developments of first-hand

importance, which cannot wait for the slower mails, can be legally despatched only in the phrasing which meets the censor's approval.

Far from relaxing, Soviet censorship has become intensified in severity during the last few years. A newly-arrived correspondent in Moscow is sometimes unctuously assured that the sole purpose of the censorship is to " prevent inaccuracies ". This, of course, is preposterous rubbish. The sole concern of the Soviet press censor, as of any press censor, is expediency. He is interested not in the truth of the reported facts, but in their probable effect on the public opinion of the country to which the message is sent.

Now during the last few years the number of things which the Soviet authorities, quite understandably, desired to conceal from the attention of the outside world very considerably increased. Since 1929 executions, recorded and secret, became much more numerous ; a new system of mass employment of forced labour in timber camps and construction enterprises grew up ; the persecution of religion became much more severe ; the country, in the winter of 1932–1933 and the spring of 1933, experienced a major famine. In the light of these facts the censorship could not but become stricter ; and journalists who wished to get their messages past the censor were obliged to resort to cryptic and ambiguous phrases, understandable to the few initiated readers who understood the realities of Soviet life and administration, but incomprehensible, one fears, to the majority of newspaper readers. Such ugly words as " famine " and " forced labour " were barred ; one could speak of " acute food shortage ", " diseases attributable to malnutrition ", " the work of prisoners ".

Although the officials of the Soviet Commissariat for Foreign Affairs who administer the censorship are above the Soviet bureaucratic average in tact and intelligence, they are themselves closely limited in their decisions, and must often refer border-line and debatable messages to mysterious individuals and organizations " higher up". Their task is far from an enviable one ; their careers may be ruined if they pass a message which subsequently impresses a high Soviet or Communist official as unduly outspoken.

The Soviet brand of censorship, like all others, not infrequently makes itself ridiculous, as when it lays an interdict on the mention of an incident of diplomatic negotiations which is already well known abroad, or forbids a correspondent to send the startling news that a Soviet express train was stalled in the desert for a few hours, or refuses to permit the foreign correspondents to report the departure of Foreign Commissar Litvinov to America (Litvinov's going was attended by the most ludicrous atmosphere of schoolboy mystery). More serious, from the standpoint of conveying to the outside world a genuine view of Russian conditions, are the well-nigh complete suppression of the news of the famine, the concealment of many secret executions and of almost all cases of administrative banishment, and the inevitable emasculation of style of the correspondent who is always obliged to take the probable reaction of the censor into consideration when he is writing his telegrams.

The scope of Soviet control over the information about Russia which is permitted to reach the outside world was considerably extended in the spring of 1933, when a new rule came into effect, under which no correspondent could leave Moscow without submitting a precise itinerary of his route and obtaining the permission of the authorities. The obvious intention of this drastic restriction (which has no precedent in any other European country) was to prevent any first-hand description of the famine. The prohibition came into effect in early spring; the first permits to travel in the country districts were issued in September, when the new harvest was gathered in and the raw visible traces of the famine had been removed.

An official explanation of the prohibition of travel was that the presence of foreign correspondents would obstruct the reaping of the harvest. What was even more amusing than this suggestion that a few itinerant correspondents might seriously affect the fate of harvesting operations over almost one-sixth of the surface of the globe was that some foreigners were naive enough to take it seriously.

I found conclusive evidence of the real reason for the stoppage of free travel by foreign correspondents when I received an individual permission to travel in Ukraina and the North Caucasus in September, 1933. I visited three regions which

were separated from each other by hundreds of miles : Kropotkin, in the North Caucasus, and Poltava and Byelaya Tserkov, in Ukraina. I also talked with peasants at railway stations from the south-east corner of Ukraina, in the Donetz Basin, to the north-western part, in Chernigov Province. On the basis of figures which were supplied, not by peasants, who were often prone to exaggerate the numbers who had died, but of local Soviet officials and collective farm presidents, whose interest would rather have been to minimize the catastrophe which had taken place, I have no hesitation in saying that the southern and south-eastern provinces of European Russia during the first six months of 1933 experienced a major famine, with an average mortality rate of about ten per cent.

The first thing that struck me when I began to walk about the Cossack villages in the neighbourhood of Kropotkin was the extraordinary deterioration in the physical condition of what had been an extremely fertile region. Enormous weeds, of remarkable height and toughness, filled up many of the gardens and could be seen waving in the fields of wheat, corn, and sunflower-seeds. Gone were the wheaten loaves, the succulent slices of lamb, which had been offered for sale everywhere when I visited this same Kuban Valley in 1924. At that time every Cossack settlement had its legion of fierce, snapping dogs trained to guard sheep and cattle. Now there was an almost ghostly quiet ; the bark of a dog was never heard. " The dogs all died or were eaten up during the famine ", was the general explanation of their disappearance.

In the *stanitsa*, or settlement, of Kazanskaya, I called on the president of the local Soviet, Mr. Nemov, in an effort to obtain some official information about the mortality rate during the preceding winter and spring. Nemov scouted the stories of the peasants that a third or half of the inhabitants had perished. " The population declined from about 8,000 to about 7,000 ", he declared. " About 850 died and another 150 were deported because they sabotaged the Government's programme of grain collection." Mr. Nemov showed me mortality statistics for four months, January, February, March, and April. These showed how the curve of death mounted upward as the peasants' last reserves of grain were exhausted towards spring. So 21 persons

died in January, 34 in February, 79 in March, 155 in April. This steep upward tendency, in all probability, continued during May and June, until early vegetables brought some relief.

Very similar conditions had prevailed around Poltava ; one woman broke down when she described the terrible scenes which the town had witnessed during the winter and spring, with corpses of famine refugees lying on the streets, until a lorry made its grim regular round to collect them, and cried out : " No war ever took so many people from us." And in the village of Cherkass, some seven or eight miles south of Byelaya Tserkov, a provincial town about two hours ride on the railroad from Kiev, the secretary of the local Soviet, a young man named Fishenko, testified that over 600 of the village's former 2,000 inhabitants had died, while hundreds of others had fled. Fishenko's figure found abundant corroboration in the stories of the famine survivors and in the grim mute evidence of the numerous abandoned houses, with their weed-grown gardens and gaping doors and windows.

The famine area, so far as I could observe and learn from reliable sources of information, embraced Ukraina, the North Caucasus, a number of districts in the Middle and Lower Volga (a very well-informed witness told me that about a tenth of the population of the German Volga Republic had died off) and a considerable part of Kazakstan, in Central Asia. Northern and Central Russia and Siberia suffered a good deal of hardship and under-nourishment, but not actual starvation. The number of people who lived in famine areas was in the neighbourhood of sixty million ; the excess of deaths over a normal mortality rate was three or four million.

There is something epically and indescribably tragic in this vast dying out of millions of people, sacrifices on the altar of a policy which many of them did not even understand. The horror of this last act in the tragedy of the individualist peasantry is intensified by the fact that the victims died so passively, so quietly, without arousing any stir of sympathy in the outside world. The Soviet censorship saw to that.

Of the responsibility of the Soviet Government for the famine of 1932–1933 there can be no doubt. In contrast to its policy in 1921–1922 it stifled any appeal for foreign aid by denying the

very existence of the famine and by refusing to foreign journalists the right to travel in the famine regions until it was all over. Famine was quite deliberately employed as an instrument of national policy, as the last means of breaking the resistance of the peasantry to the new system of collective farming, under which they are deprived of personal ownership of the land and are obliged to work on the conditions which the State may dictate to them and to deliver up whatever products the State may demand of them.

Allowing for differences of emphasis and interpretation, there was substantial agreement between the peasants themselves and the local Soviet authorities as to the causes of the famine. Climatic conditions, while unfavourable, had not been utterly disastrous. There had been a good deal of neglect of the fields and a great growth of weeds, largely as a result of the apathy and discouragement of the peasants, who year after year had seen the state officials take away their grain and other products at arbitrarily fixed prices in increasingly worthless paper roubles without giving them anything in the nature of a fair equivalent in manufactured goods. Consequently the yield was much lower than it would have been in normal years. Even so the peasants could have pulled through, if the State had relaxed its levies in kind on them. It did not ; the exactions were carried out as ruthlessly as usual ; the three or four million dead were the inevitable victims of this policy.

The Soviet Government could easily have averted the famine with its own resources if it had desired to do so. A complete cessation of the exportation of foodstuffs in 1932, or the diversion of a small amount of currency to the purchase of grain and provisions would have sufficed. The Soviet attitude was, I think, quite accurately summed up by Mr. Mezhuev, President of the Poltava Soviet, who said to me in the course of an interview : " To have imported grain would have been injurious to our prestige. To have let the peasants keep their grain would have encouraged them to go on producing little."

The concealment of the famine was the most striking illustration of how effective the Soviet censorship can be as a veil between Soviet conditions and the outside world. With opportunity for first-hand investigation barred, it was impossible for

a correspondent to risk his reputation, as well as his right to reside in Moscow, by sending out messages based on the rumours of wholesale starvation which filtered in to the Soviet capital and which might conceivably have been exaggerated. By the time the prohibition of travel had been lifted and it was possible to verify the enormous mortality on the spot by talks with peasants and with local officials the famine belonged to history. A narrative of what has happened, in the nature of things, cannot make on the consciousness and imagination of foreign readers the effect which is produced by a description of what is happening.

A controversy grew up in the correspondence columns of a well-known British Liberal newspaper in the summer of 1933 as to whether there had been a famine in Russia ; about two-thirds of the participants were sure that nothing of the kind had occurred. And the suppression of the actual facts of the great catastrophe which overtook the peasant regions of southern and south-eastern Russia in 1932–1933 has made it possible for professional and amateur " friends of the Soviet Union " to pass off the death of millions of people, the greatest organized slaughter since the World War, as just a little hardship and destitution, brought on their own heads by " kulaks " or peasants who were too stupid to appreciate the advantages of collective farming.

I have already mentioned two of the main obstacles to a free and vivid reporting of Soviet conditions : the preliminary censorship of telegrams and the forbidding of correspondents to leave Moscow without special permission of the authorities. (This last ruling, to the best of my knowledge, has persisted to the present time ; it certainly continued after the famine emergency which caused its promulgation. Considerable and deliberate discrimination in granting permission to travel is exercised as between correspondents ; it is much more apt to be granted to those who in the censor's eyes are " friendly " or " objective ".)

A number of other forms of pressure should be pointed out. Permits to reside in the Soviet Union are granted to foreigners for a maximum period of six months at a time ; and the foreigner who leaves the country even for a short time must re-apply for entrance visa. This is a convenient sword of Damocles to suspend over the head of an unruly correspondent ; a delay in

granting the return visa is a recognized way of warning a journalist that his writing is not regarded as satisfactory or " objective ", to use a word of which Soviet officials are very fond. Mr. Paul Scheffer, the distinguished correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, against whom no charge of inaccuracy of fact was brought, was kept out of the Soviet Union, when his views and judgments had become distasteful, by the simple device of refusing him a return visa. And this same threat of finding re-entry to the Soviet Union barred in the event of too specific or too emphatic reference to those aspects of the Soviet regime which are not supposed to be brought to the attention of the outside world (famine, persecution of religion, forced labour, the whole system of espionage and terrorism which is incarnated in the Ogpu, now renamed as the Commissariat for Internal Affairs) applies to writers, lecturers, students, as well as to journalists.

A well-known correspondent is seldom directly expelled from Russia ; this involves too much publicity and scandal. But surreptitious private efforts of Soviet agents abroad to undermine the position of unpopular correspondents with their home offices are habitual. On one occasion the office of a British newspaper which had as its representative in Moscow a brilliant correspondent of the highest personal integrity was visited by an official of the Soviet Embassy. " You shouldn't send Mr. X back to Moscow ", the official said to an editor of the newspaper. " He will not be allowed to remain there." Mr. X, the correspondent in question, was in England at the time on leave. " Do you object to his correspondence ? " the editor inquired. " Not at all ", lied the official. " But he has been engaged in—er—activities which would warrant his expulsion." " Oh, indeed ", said the editor. " Mr. X is in the office now ; I can confront you with him and should be interested in seeing your proofs." " That isn't necessary ", said the official, " but the evidence will surprise you". About this time the editor, losing patience with these insinuations, requested the official to leave the office ; and the correspondent returned to Moscow. No " proofs " of his imaginary " activities " were ever submitted. But all cases of intrigue do not end so fortunately for the correspondents.

Foreign journalists in Moscow, especially during their first years, are usually dependent on the services of translators, who

are almost always Soviet citizens. The kind of pressure which the Soviet Government is able to exert on its citizens to become spies and informers is strikingly illustrated by an official decree of last June, under which anyone who fails to report the intention of a Soviet citizen to flee abroad is liable to ten years' imprisonment, with confiscation of his property, while even quite innocent dependent relatives of the fugitive, who knew nothing of his intention, are liable to exile for five years in " remote regions of Siberia " and also to deprivation of their food cards. This law, like that of August 7, 1932, which makes death a permissible penalty for any theft of state or collective farm property (and the definition " state property " in Russia covers a far wider range of objects than it would in any other country) could certainly not be paralleled in the legislation of any civilized country.

The kind of pressure which may easily be exerted on these Russian translators was clearly indicated on one occasion when I was visiting the building operations at the new Cheliabinsk tractor plant, along with my wife, who speaks Russian much better than I do. She had discovered that many of the unskilled labourers were in Cheliabinsk under prison sentences, and was asking them what had brought them into the far-flung net of the Soviet punitive system. A young foreman stepped up and said, in Russian—which he supposed that I did not understand—to my wife : " Are you a Soviet citizen ? " When she smilingly assured him that she was not he withdrew ; but it was easy to imagine how much a foreigner who depended on a Soviet translator would have been likely to learn about forced labour in Cheliabinsk. The secretary or translator of a correspondent who has fallen into the bad graces of the Soviet authorities is likely to feel unpleasant personal consequences. A Mrs. Gardiner, a Soviet citizen, who had been an assistant to Mr. Scheffer, was arrested and exiled shortly after he was excluded from Russia ; and this is far from being the sole case of its kind.

Intensive propaganda among foreign tourists ranks with strict control of the writing and movements of foreign journalists as a means of influencing and, all too often, misleading foreign opinion about the realities of Soviet life.

There is a tremendous contrast between the position of the

foreign student of political, economic or social conditions who visits England and that of the observer who goes to the Soviet Union. The former goes where he pleases, meets whom he chooses, from Sir Oswald Mosley to the Secretary of the British Communist Party: forms his impressions without official aid or interference. The visitor to Russia, whether he is conscious of the fact or not, is faced with an utterly different situation. Between him and an impartial, all-round view of the country and its living conditions are barriers of fear and repression, which make many Soviet citizens positively afraid to talk with a foreigner, together with the barriers of a very centralized and highly organized state propaganda system.

Most visitors to the Soviet Union come under the auspices of Intourist: the Soviet State Tourist Organization. Indeed, under present conditions of shortage of food and hotel accommodations and lack of railway travel facilities, it is decidedly difficult for the foreigner to get about in any other way. Intourist undertakes far more than similar agencies in other countries. It acts as a showman not only for places of scenic, historical, and artistic interest, but also for the whole Soviet system. Its programme includes visits to model factories, model crèches, model children's homes, model prisons, model collective farms. The tourists are conducted by guide-interpreters who have been put through a special training course in propaganda, and who know that failure to create a favourable impression, if it leaks out through the indiscretion of a foreigner, may have decidedly unpleasant consequences for themselves. In their training course they have been drilled not only in general Soviet ideas, but also in the fine art of explaining most satisfactorily such sights as the demolition of a church or the queue in front of a food store.

There is a significant difference between what is and what is not shown to the foreign visitor. He is readily taken to the Sokolniki Prison, where conditions for the inmates, measured by Russian living standards, are almost luxurious. (Prince Kropotkin tells us in his memoirs that the Tsarist Government had a habit of showing off a few admirably-equipped prisons to foreign visitors.) Our present-day tourist is not, however, given an inside view of the Inner Prison of the Ogpu or of the

grim Butirky, which has an unsavoury reputation for chronic overcrowding, bad physical conditions and frequent actual and attempted suicide among its inmates. He is conducted to the pleasantly located home for reclaimed waifs which the Ogpu maintains in Bolshevo, near Moscow—an excellent institution of its kind. He is not permitted to visit any of the numerous forced-labour concentration camps, where conditions are very different from those in Bolshevo. If he wants to get a quick view of Soviet agricultural development a model commune is at his disposal in Tamboc Province, highly unrepresentative, if only because it was founded not by native peasants but by returned emigrants of Communist views who brought a good deal of machinery from abroad. Ukrainian and North Caucasian villages, such as Kazanskaya and Laduzhskaya and Tiflisskaya, near Kropotkin, or Zhuke, near Poltava, or Cherkass, near Byelaya Tserkov, where ten per cent. or more of the population perished of hunger and the diseases which accompany it during the winter and spring of 1932-1933, are not on the Intourist schedule.

The Russians are natural actors and stage-managers ; and the contemporary art of Soviet showmanship has ancient and distinguished antecedents. When the Tsarina Catherine II travelled by boat on the Dnieper through newly annexed Ukraina, her favourite, Prince Potyemkin, hastily improvised stage villages in the sparsely populated country through which she would pass. What is surprising in Soviet Russia is not the persistence of the " Potyemkin villages " tradition, but the readiness with which some foreign visitors, sometimes men and women with a reputation for scholarship and critical acumen in their fields at home, accept the Soviet conducted tour at full face value without, apparently, realizing that they are seeing only the bright sides of a decidedly mixed picture.

I have occasionally wondered whether there is some magical quality about the climate or the atmosphere of the Soviet Union that makes some of its sociologically-minded visitors cast away all sense of proportion and all capacity for criticism. Why does a moderately well-equipped kindergarten or a shoddy block of workers' tenements, which would not excite a second thought anywhere else, evoke expressions of boundless enthusiasm in Russia ? Why does a more or less well-known British lawyer

make himself supremely ridiculous by asserting that the right to arrest is more limited in Russia than in Great Britain? This, when the number of prisoners, mostly political, employed on one forced labour construction task, the building of the Baltic-White Sea canal, exceeds the total number of persons imprisoned in the British Isles. (According to an official statement over 70,000 persons received amnesty or reduction of sentence after the completion of the canal; the number employed on it at the height of the construction work, according to reliable reports, was about 200,000, all prisoners under the direction of the Ogpu.)

Why does Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has said so many consciously funny things, crack an extremely good joke quite unconsciously by asserting in all seriousness that British engineers arrested on charges of sabotage would have a fairer trial in Moscow than anywhere else in the world? Why does a newspaper magnate, after spending a few days in Moscow, during which he has talked only with foreigners and with Soviet officials, undertake to enlighten the world as to just what percentage of the 160,000,000 inhabitants of the Soviet Union supports the Soviet Government, what percentage opposes it, and what percentage is neutral? Why do the radicals and humanitarians who raised such an outcry of protest when Sacco and Vanzetti, two Italian anarchists, were put to death in America after a trial in which race and class prejudice played an ugly part, remain so strangely mute when whole batches of people in Russia are slaughtered without any trial at all, by mere administrative fiat of the Ogpu? (The killing of forty-eight officials and specialists in the food industry in the fall of 1930 and of thirty-five officials in the Commissariat for Agriculture in March, 1933, are conspicuous officially admitted instances of this practice of Soviet jurisprudence.)

It is obvious that the unusual and in some respects unprecedented regime for the control of foreign press messages and the carefully shepherding of the great majority of foreign tourists into officially organized politico-social-economic sight-seeing must tend to convey a distorted view of Soviet realities to the outside world. It gives an impression of looking at the country through coloured glasses; and the confusion of the foreign reader must be intensified when he reads the contradictory hostile reports about Russia which emanate from places outside the country

and are not infrequently as exaggerated in one direction as the rose-coloured views which are communicated to sympathetic tourists are in the other.

Despite its occasional successes in concealing such important developments as the famine and in thus misleading foreign public opinion, I am personally inclined to doubt whether the regime of censorship, in the long run, serves the best interests of the Soviet Government. Its existence is known, at least to intelligent readers, and casts a natural shadow over messages from Moscow. Censorship furnishes the sole reason and excuse for the occasional outburst of untrue or exaggerated alarmist rumours about Russia from places outside the Soviet frontiers. Moreover, there are leaks in even the tightest system of news repression. When a sensational message gets out in some way, despite the censorship, it carries more weight than it would if it emanated from a capital where there was no restraint, simply because it is assumed that it must have been officially passed.

Censorship implies that some things must be concealed. Its abolition would afford the most persuasive evidence of improvement in Soviet conditions, just as its intensification through the imposition of travel restrictions in the spring of 1933 indicated to any well-informed reader that Russia was passing through a grave agrarian crisis, where no foreign witnesses were desired.

Despite these considerations, which have all been repeatedly laid before the authorities by correspondents resident in Moscow, the impulse to secrecy and concealment is so strong in Russian, and especially in Soviet, official nature, there are still so many bleak and raw spots in Soviet life, that an abandonment of the censorship can scarcely be anticipated, at least in any near future. So long as this unsatisfactory system exists the best remedy for it would seem to be a steady glare of publicity. Coloured glasses cease to be deceptive when everyone realizes that they are being worn.

AERIAL ACTIVITY

By Squadron-Leader P. R. Burchall

THE public-spirited action of Sir MacPherson Robertson, a prominent Melbourne citizen, in providing a sum of £15,000 as prize money for a Melbourne Centenary Air Race from London to Melbourne, is no mere sporting gesture. The race comes at an opportune moment in the economic recovery of Australia, where, in spite of expanding imports, the visible export surplus has increased from £26,000,000 to £38,000,000—largely owing to the rise in the price of wool. The race is not just a speed contest. It has a deeper significance and serves to focus attention on many problems. Timed, as it is, to commence on October 20th, the race comes just before the opening of the last stage of the Imperial air route to Australia, and it is stimulating world-wide interest in long-distance civil air transport. This interest is not confined to the manufacturers and operators of aircraft, nor to the sporting members of the public; it is also widely shared by commercial undertakings. Moreover, the complicated political issues involved in international air transport are once more brought into the foreground.

It is perhaps a British characteristic to make sporting contests play their part in hastening commercial and economic development. But trials of speed, and particularly of sustained speed, provide the designers of engines with valuable technical data that could be obtained in no other way. The truth of this has been well established in the world of motoring, for continued successes on the race tracks have been the foundations on which many excellent everyday motor cars have been brought to perfection. So, too, with aeroplane engines—which evolved largely from motor-car engines; and the winning of a big air race is regarded as an event of real technical importance, quite apart from its publicity value.

International rivalry in aircraft development is strong and technical progress very rapid. In order that this aspect should receive every recognition, the organizers of the forthcoming race decided to make the event as truly international in character as possible. Fifteen countries have entered machines, mustering, between them, sixty-two competitors. The race, of course, will be a gruelling test of mechanical efficiency, but, important as the efficiency of the machines must be, human efficiency will be no less so.

The pioneers of aviation were mostly English, French and American ; Holland came later into the field, but with characteristic thoroughness established a strong position for herself. It is natural to find that these nations account for the bulk of the competitors : U.S.A. having 17 ; Great Britain, 16 ; Holland, 5 ; and France, 4. Australia and New Zealand each have 4, while Germany, with her splendid present-day aerial activity, strangely enough, has only one entrant. The remaining countries have either one or two machines apiece.

The governing conditions of the race are simple. The first is that it is open to all nationalities and to all types and powers of aircraft. The second is that all reasonable steps must be taken to prevent mishap. Under this rule freak racing 'planes are excluded, all entrants needing to satisfy the airworthiness conditions of competent licensing authorities. An Australian Committee is the governing body, and the Royal Aero Club has been allotted the duty of making rules for the start, control and conduct of the race as far as Koeppang on the island of Timor.

The race is in two concurrent sections—a speed race for the major awards of £12,000, and a handicap race for the remainder of the prize money. The latter event will add to the number of entrants and to the general interest in the event. Competitors may enter for either or both races. The handicap race has checking points every 500 miles or so. All competitors must follow approximately the same route, for there are compulsory stopping places for control and refuelling at Baghdad, Allahabad, Singapore, Port Darwin and Charleville. The course is about 11,650 miles, and the compulsory stopping places were prescribed to narrow the area of search in case of mishap.

It will be observed that the route is not the shortest between

England and Australia, for a great-circle course would take the competitors over the steppes of Turkestan, the highest parts of the Himalayas, straight across the Indian Ocean and the Central Australian Desert. The stipulated route, however, is of particular value because it does, to a large extent, coincide with the routes followed by the various air transport lines to the East, and whatever meteorological and navigation lessons are gained from the race will be at once available for commercial aviation.

Any entrant not completing the course within sixteen days will be disqualified. The trip has already been flown (by Charles Ulm) in less than seven days, but it is confidently expected that the speed race will be won in less than four days. It is interesting to compare these times with the best that maritime transport can offer. The new Cunarder 534 is expected to attain the fast speed of a little over 30 knots ; and if she could maintain this speed non-stop for the whole journey, she would require sixteen days for the sea trip from London. The ordinary mail service from London to Australia is at present scheduled to take twenty-six to thirty-one days.

Whatever time is made in the race it is certain that it will be a thrilling affair and that it will illustrate in a startling manner the astonishing rate of technical development in aviation. When it is recalled that the record of air speed jumped from 100 m.p.h. in 1912 to 200 m.p.h. in 1921, and then to 300 m.p.h. in 1928 and to over 400 m.p.h. in 1931, some realisation of the potentialities of this important system of transport is inevitable.

In all forms of transport, high speed and long range are mutually antagonistic, and particularly so in air transport, where weight of fuel is an important fraction of the total weight. Not only in air racing but also in commercial aviation the calculation of profitable speed for the stages to be flown presents a nice problem for the aircraft operator and, in addition, forms an important part of the work of the aircraft designer. Long range and high speed both need increased fuel, and this in turn lessens the available carrying capacity of the machine. On commercial routes it is obvious that the stages must be sufficiently short to leave a profitable carrying capacity after the necessary fuel is aboard. And for a given stage the speed must not demand

so much fuel that no profitable carrying capacity remains.

In the air race there are two limiting factors to this fuel question. One is that all competitors must be able to carry sufficient fuel to cross the Timor Sea (512 miles of open water), and the other is that it would be useless to carry more fuel than necessary to fly the longest permissible stage, England to Baghdad (say 2,500 miles), for at the end of each stage there are to be compulsory stops for control and refuelling.

When the commercial operation of air transport over the route is considered in conjunction with the circumstances ruling during the race, some very enlightening facts emerge. It has now been established beyond question that every nation retains the sovereignty of the air above its territory. In consequence, before this race could be held at all, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the governments of all the various countries traversed. It is true that mutual arrangements are already in force under which the private aircraft of some countries are permitted to fly over the territory of other countries, but these arrangements did not cover all the competitors nor all the countries involved. It is a matter for congratulation that not one country which has been approached for permission has refused to allow competitors to fly over its territory. Some have given permission to all the competitors and others have intimated that non-British competitors can get permission at their London legation or embassy.

But the jealous manner in which certain countries guard the sovereignty of their air is exemplified by Turkey's refusal to permit Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Mollison to fly over her territory in the race. Turkey has always been, shall we say, a little " difficult " in air matters, and the refusal is said to follow previous unauthorised flights and subsequent unfavourable criticism of the Turkish authorities. Efforts are being made to get the ban lifted, and they will, it is hoped, be successful.

Everywhere health restrictions and Customs regulations are being relaxed for the race, and in many countries landing fees are being waived. But with regard to commercial aviation and the establishment of regular air lines a very different story is to be told.

Although under the Air Convention (which dates from an Inter-Allied Agreement of 1919) each contracting party agrees to permit regulated private flying over its territory by the aircraft of the other contracting parties, commercial aviation is treated very differently. The Air Convention now governs civil aviation arrangements between some twenty-nine countries. It was, and is, hoped that all important countries would eventually subscribe to the Convention, but at present Germany, U.S.A., Turkey, U.S.S.R., China, Brazil and the Argentine are notable among the exceptions.

The contracting parties to the Convention have agreed, wisely or foolishly, that no regular air line can be established without the prior consent of each nation traversed by the route. The agreement may have been wise if, without it, all other matters of agreement were in real danger of being stultified, but it was foolish in that the idea of the freedom of the air was ever abandoned. Freedom of the seas is so valuable an asset of civilization that it is ten thousand pities that there is not yet any general freedom of the air. All that is wanted is the right of innocent passage in time of peace, but this can be denied at will by any minor State. Some countries are so situated that by their geographical position on a great trunk air route they can use their rights in the matter to further their economic and political designs.

This necessity for obtaining prior permission to establish an air route does, in fact, cause a good deal of undesirable international bargaining. For example, Italy wanted to fly to Somaliland and Eritrea via Egypt, and to Malta, Cyprus and Gibraltar, while the British wanted to fly through Italy *en route* for Egypt and India. In this and similar cases it was possible to reach agreement only after protracted bargaining, and the best bargain went, naturally, to the power able to spoil the more important route.

But it is not always a case of one air service competing against another for flying rights. The British wanted to use a Persian coast route on the air line to India, and Persia had covetous eyes on the island of Bahrein. We do not admit Persia's claim to Bahrein, and rather than do so we moved our Indian air route to the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf. It is perhaps

not quite correct to say that we were warned off Persian territory, but that, in effect, was the result. Compared with the ship-owner, the lot of the air transport operator is far from happy. The one can send his vessels pretty much where he likes, but the other cannot begin his job until the politicians have settled their squabbles.

France and Holland are operating air lines over Persian territory under permits which, it is believed, need renewal every week. Their need to use this route under such conditions of uncertainty must be great, and so indeed it is ; for France desires an air route to her important possessions in Indo-China, and Holland would lose a great deal if she could not keep touch by air with the Dutch East Indies.

Although Italy and Persia have both added to the difficulties of establishing our Imperial air routes to Africa and to India, they exercised no more than their legitimate rights. None the less their action was very irksome to this country. The matter is of particular importance to us because of the vast distances separating the various parts of the Empire, and at the special meeting of the International Congress, in June 1929, we pressed hard for this principle of the freedom of the air. But there was so large a majority against us—27 states to 4—that some very real change of feeling abroad will be necessary before any progress is likely.

The main opposition to the freedom of the air comes, of course, from the military bogey. There is a widespread feeling that, instead of being a civilising boon, civil aviation may degenerate into a powerful militaristic weapon. Any air liner could, without doubt, be converted into a bomber. It might be a highly efficient bomber, but, on the other hand, it might be highly inefficient. Military and civil aviation are diverging so widely in technique that it is doubtful if civil aircraft could ever become a really efficient military effective. And the recent disastrous American attempts to use military aeroplanes and pilots to carry out civil air-mail work supply the converse argument.

But though it may be admitted that civil aircraft *could* be converted in time of war into military machines, of more or less usefulness, is that a good reason for hindering their peace-time employment ? Does not the same argument apply to maritime

transport? Could not a *Berengaria*, a *Normandie* or a Cunard 534 in time of war mount a few guns or torpedo tubes? Could they not sow mines? Are they on that account to be denied the peace-time use of the world's seaports?

It would seem that the world is afraid of aviation. War in the Air would bring the civilian population directly into the conflict. It is regrettable that soldiers should be killed, but, after all, that is what soldiers are for, and there is, for the time being, much honour in the killing and the being killed. But the slaughter of civilians is in a different category. So runs the unconfessed argument, and it carries a melancholy and cynical series of thoughts in its train. So long as it is the other fellow that is going to be killed, periodical wars are inevitable and glorious, and a necessary part in the working out of a nation's destiny. But when we ourselves as civilians are going to be killed, war becomes horrible and barbarous and ought to be abolished. Aviation is feared because of its military potency, but, if fear of this potency leads to a greater rarity of war, it can be counted among the blessings of aviation. Meanwhile it is very regrettable that fear of the military misuse of civil air transport should hinder its peaceful development.

Commercial aviation is now rushing ahead so fast that some consideration of the geographical distribution of its activities is necessary before it can be viewed in proper perspective. United States air lines now account for about one-half of the world's total flown mileage. Ninety per cent of this is on internal air lines. Among the other great nations civil air transport is about equally active, with the exception of Germany, which does roughly twice as much as any other European country. There is no need for any feeling of inferiority for the minor position occupied by the European countries. The area of the United States is roughly equal to the area of Europe, and unity of control has had an enormous effect in helping American development. Money has been spent lavishly by the richest country in the world in getting its commercial air services established. Whether these services could ever be made self-supporting has not been an important factor in their establishment. America has, moreover, a large number of big cities ideally spaced for air transport, and the volume of traffic capable

of attraction to the air is enormous. Petrol is plentiful and cheap and one language and one currency serve for the whole country. But the biggest factor in the huge development of air transport in America has undoubtedly been the absence of political hindrance.

Qualitatively, the best European air services have little to learn from the Americans. For sheer efficiency the services of Imperial Airways have a magnificent record. In Europe we insist that considerations of safety and reliability must be satisfied before new technical advances are brought into routine operation. We insist rightly on a process of continuous consolidation. Progress on these lines may be less spectacular, but it is sound. In America nearly half the flying is done by night. This has been made possible only by the Government's expenditure of large sums of money on lighting the airways. In Europe there is as yet little night-flying. On this question of night-flying and in the matter of speed America has undoubtedly made astonishing progress. Wonderful reports reach us concerning the high air speeds regularly attained there on commercial routes, and a feeling has become prevalent that the British air services are not as speedy as they ought to be.

Now in all transport problems speed is a vital matter, but it is not, by any means, the only vital matter. Factors attracting traffic include speed, comfort, cheapness, reliability and many other considerations, and these are not everywhere of equal relative importance. The problem for the air transport operator is twofold. First, how much more traffic and how much more revenue will he attract if he increases his speed 20 per cent, 30 per cent or 40 per cent? Secondly, will the additional revenue do more than cover the additional running costs? It is patent that every route needs individual consideration. On some routes really high speeds are essential in order to attract traffic from existing high-speed surface transport. On other routes big increases in speed might have a negligible effect on the traffic returns.

Commercial aviation is not philanthropy and there is no virtue in high speed for its own sake. The man on the job usually knows most about it, and it is safe to leave the improvement of air transport services to those people who have studied the

local conditions and the local problems. So long as traffic continues to grow satisfactorily in volume and density, it may be assumed that the management is adequately fulfilling its functions.

Air transport to-day is seething with big schemes of development. Just as soon as the route to Australia is firmly established, the next, and perhaps the greatest, step will be tackled. This is, of course, the regular air crossing of the Atlantic from Europe to North America. Already the technical problems are being closely studied. Weather is the enemy ; but the rival claims of land-planes, flying-boats and even airships are being investigated, and so, too, are the merits of the northern route *via* Iceland and Greenland, the direct route *via* Ireland and Newfoundland, and the southern route *via* the Azores and Bermuda. How close we are to conquering the difficulties nobody knows, but it is certain that the conquest is not very far distant. It is equally certain that the Melbourne Centenary Air Race will greatly stimulate interest in the attack.

AN IMPERIAL LINK?

By Norman Bentwich

JUST over a hundred years ago the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was established by a Statute of William IV. The *Curia Regis* had, indeed, from time immemorial exercised the jurisdiction of a Supreme Tribunal of Appeal from all courts in the possession of the Crown, and before the Statute any Privy Councillor was entitled to sit at the hearing of appeals, if he so listed. But for a century there has been a permanent judicial body composed of those Privy Councillors who have held high judicial office. Later legislation has modified the membership by the creation of Lords of Appeal who sit both in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council, and by giving a place on the Committee to Privy Councillors who have been members of the Higher Courts of the Dominions and in India.

The Judicial Committee is one of the few visible links of Empire. In an unimposing room in Downing Street it gives final judgment on suits which arise in any part of the King's Realm, including the Channel Isles and the Isle of Man, the self-governing Dominions, the Colonies, the Protectorates, and the territories over which His Majesty exercises a mandate. It applies every kind of law: Norman, British, Roman-Dutch, French, Spanish, Ottoman, Hindu, and Moslem, according to the country from which the appeal is brought. It hears every kind of cause, constitutional, civil, or criminal; and a peculiar class of its own in which it advises His Majesty on any problem of the Empire which is referred to it. It has been said that its jurisdiction is more extensive, whether measured by area, population, variety of nations, creeds, laws, or customs, than that hitherto enjoyed by any court known in history.

The majority of the cases come from India, for it is the principal appellate function of the Committee to revise the judgments of the Indian Courts. The tale is well known of the traveller who, arriving at a town in India, saw a new idol, and, asking

what it was, received the reply—" It is a god who saved the people of this town, and his name is Privy Council."

The appeals touch all manner of questions. Sometimes they raise large constitutional issues and the fundamental principles of government ; sometimes they are concerned with the interpretation of the principles of the Common Law or of International Law ; sometimes they deal with the protection of the rights and liberties of the individual, whether in a civil or in a criminal case. The Judicial Committee, indeed, combines the functions of an ultimate constitutional tribunal like the Supreme Court of the United States, of an authority for determining questions between nations—the nations that are gathered in the British Commonwealth—like the Permanent Court of International Justice, and finally of the highest Imperial Court of Law which supervises and controls the decisions of the courts of a far-flung Empire. The variety and importance of its jurisdiction are strikingly shown by cases with which it dealt during the last legal term.

Every subject of the King outside the United Kingdom has the right of petitioning the King-in-Council ; and where he complains of the act of one of the King's Courts, the petition is referred to the Judicial Committee. The prerogative to admit an appeal can be dispensed with only by an Act of the Imperial Parliament ; and the Committee held, a few years ago, that a provision of Canadian legislation that no appeal should be brought in a criminal matter from a Court of the Dominion was of no effect. At the same time the Committee will not interfere with a judgment in a criminal case unless, by a disregard of legal forms or by some violation of the principles of natural justice, grave injustice has been done. That rule was considered in a case in which judgment was given at the end of July, on an appeal from a conviction of a coloured man for murder, passed by the Supreme Court of Bermuda. The basis of appeal was that the jury had been discharged when they stated that they were not agreed on their verdict, and that the subsequent finding after the Chief Justice had conferred with the foreman was not the verdict of a competent jury. The Committee found that there had been a grave disregard of legal forms, and quashed the conviction.

A few months before, they quashed the conviction for murder in an Indian case where several persons had been sentenced to death by the High Court, and leave to appeal had been given on the ground that one of the jurymen did not understand English, the language in which some of the evidence was given, and the charge of the judge was delivered. The number of cases in which the Tribunal is called on to prevent miscarriages of justice by Indian or Colonial Courts in grave criminal cases is somewhat disturbing. A few years ago it set aside the conviction for murder of an English doctor in the Government service of a West African Colony, because of grave errors in the trial; and this year again it set aside the conviction of an English Officer of the Government in Nigeria for misappropriation of Government money. Inevitably, perhaps, the administration of criminal justice in the Colonies sometimes falls short of the standard of British justice; and while the Committee cannot be a general court of criminal appeal, it is its function to redress an individual wrong where there has been a disregard of the fundamental principles. It acts here as a judicial link of the smallest as of the greatest portions of the Empire with the Crown and strengthens the foundation of British justice.

The second function of the Judicial Committee in interpreting the common law of any part of the Empire or the law of nations is illustrated by a decision given in July as to the nature of piracy. The question at issue was whether robbery was an essential element in the crime by the law of nations; and it came before the Committee, not in its appellate capacity, but in virtue of its obligation to advise the King in any matter whatsoever which he refers to it. This power of reference, which is laid down in the Act of 1833, is comparable with that given to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague: to deliver advisory opinions in any quasi-judicial matter which is referred to it by the Council of the League of Nations. The matters "referred" in recent years to the Judicial Committee are of the most varied kind, ranging from the removal of a Colonial Judge from his post on account of misconduct, to the determination of the dispute between Newfoundland and the Province of Quebec as to the ownership of parts of Labrador.

This particular reference arose out of a criminal trial in Hongkong

Two Chinese junks attacked a third with the object of capturing her. Shots were fired, but, owing to the intervention of British vessels, the chase was unsuccessful, and the crews of the attacking vessels were brought to trial at Hongkong on a charge of piracy. They were found guilty, but the question of law was reserved: whether an accused person might be convicted in circumstances where no robbery had occurred. The Full Court quashed the conviction. Against that decision there was no appeal; but the King-in-Council referred to the Judicial Committee the point of International Law, for the guidance of the King's Courts in the future. In the collusive proceedings the British Government argued on the one side through the Attorney-General, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies argued on the other side through Sir Leslie Scott. The Committee considered the English, American, and foreign authorities on the question of piracy, beginning with the Statute of Henry VIII, and ending with a "Research into International Law" by the Harvard Law School, published in 1932. They came to the conclusion that actual robbery was not essential and that a frustrated attempt to commit piratical robbery was equally piracy by the Law of Nations. There is no question but that this second aspect of the work of the Committee, by which the best judicial brains in the Empire give authoritative advice on matters that are outside the scope of Courts of Law, but require judicial treatment, strengthens the chain of justice in the British realm.

The third large function of the Committee is to determine constitutional questions either within a Dominion or Colony or as between a Province or State of a Dominion and the Federal Government. That function has been exercised in particular in the interpretation of the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada; for by the British North America Act of 1867, it was expressly vested in the Committee. When the later Federal Constitutions of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Union of South Africa were enacted, there existed a stronger feeling of independence and a desire for more complete autonomy on the part of the new nation; and the right of appeal to the Privy Council was restricted. In the Commonwealth of Australia, the High Court of Australia is the Tribunal chosen to determine constitutional questions; and no questions between a State and

the Federal Government can be brought to the Judicial Committee without a certificate of the High Court. In the Union of South Africa the right of appeal is still more rigidly delimited. It cannot be exercised in constitutional questions between a Province and the Union; but only in civil cases where the Committee grants leave to appeal because of grave legal questions that are involved.

Constitutional questions within an Australian State can, however, be brought freely to the Committee; and the recent case which came on appeal from the Supreme Court of New South Wales raised the question of the validity of two Acts of the State legislature passed in 1933 for reforming the Constitution. One of the Acts substituted for the nominated Legislative Council—the Upper House—then subsisting, a Council elected by secret ballot by an electoral body consisting of the members of the Legislative Assembly—the Lower House—and the Legislative Council. The second Act prescribed the system of election. Both laws had been submitted to a referendum in the State and adopted. The Committee upheld the judgment of the Australian Court that the legislation was valid.

In this activity the Committee brings detached and independent, as well as experienced, minds to bear on great constitutional questions to which, in the Dominion itself, party feeling and passion may be attached. At the same time, there is a certain jealousy on the part of the Dominions against supreme authority over their Constitution being vested in a body sitting in the Motherland and manned mainly by judges of Great Britain, even though today the Board may contain the highest judges of the Dominion itself.

It was one of the proposals of the Imperial Conference in 1930 to establish a special Tribunal to determine differences and disputes between members of the Commonwealth, and to be a court of international justice within the Commonwealth. The Tribunal was to consist of five members, one member chosen by each party to the dispute from States members of the Commonwealth other than the parties to the dispute, and being persons who have held high judicial office or distinguished jurists; one person chosen by each party to the dispute from any part of the Commonwealth, with complete freedom of choice, and the

Chairman, who should be chosen by the members so appointed. The Tribunal would be a less British—in the narrower sense—and more definitely Imperial body than the Judicial Committee ; and in that way it should more fully satisfy the feeling for national equality of the Dominions. No effect, however, has yet been given to the recommendation of the Imperial Conference, perhaps because no justiciable question has presented itself. The attitude of the South African and Irish Free State representatives, by the way, was unfriendly.

The Irish Free State stands for complete abolition of the right of appeal from the judgment of the Irish Courts. The question had been raised by the Irish delegation at the previous Conference of 1926 ; and a declaration was then made to the effect :— " that it was no part of the policy of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain that questions affecting judicial appeals should be determined otherwise than in accordance with the wishes of the part of the Empire primarily affected ". The Conference at the same time laid down the principle that no changes in the existing system which, while primarily affecting one part, raised issues concerning other parts of the Commonwealth, should be effected except after consultation and discussion. That rider appeared to mean that the right of appeal should be abolished for any Dominion only after consultation with the other Dominions. Nevertheless, the Irish Government which came to power after the Conference of 1930, passed a Constitution Amendment Act, 1933, which terminated the right of appeal to His Majesty in Council, and went on to provide that it should be an unlawful act for any person to petition His Majesty for leave to appeal. To clinch the matter of outstanding appeals, the Act was declared to be retrospective in effect.

The Irish Government has fretted at the judicial link from the outset. For them it appears as a fetter of servitude, and not as a link of union. Article 66 of the Constitution scheduled to the Act of 1922 laid down that the decision of the Supreme Court " shall in all cases be final and conclusive, and shall not be reviewed or capable of being reviewed by any other Court, Tribunal, or Authority whatsoever ". There followed a proviso that " nothing in the Constitution shall impair the right of any person to petition His Majesty for special leave to appeal from the

Supreme Court to His Majesty in Council, or the right of His Majesty to grant such leave". That clause was a more drastic reduction of the right of appeal than existed in any other Dominion Constitution ; but it did afford the opening to the private litigant to take his case to Downing Street. Lord Haldane, in giving the judgment of the Privy Council in the first application for leave to appeal,* emphasised the progressive restriction of the jurisdiction of the Privy Council. It had become the practice to grant leave to appeal to private litigants only in cases which involved great principles or questions of wide public interest.

The application for leave was rejected in the first three cases ; and, when subsequently leave was given in a case which turned on the construction of an Irish Land Act—not obviously involving a great principle or problem of wide public interest—the Irish Government, to prevent the appeal being effective, passed a measure in the Dail declaring that the interpretation placed upon the Act by the Irish courts was, and should have been deemed always to have been, the law. That provoked an outcry in the Irish Parliament and the English House of Lords ; but the appeal was withdrawn. About the same time, however, an appeal concerning the interpretation of the Anglo-Irish Treaty with regard to rights of pension was admitted, without complaint from the Government of the Irish Free State. The Judicial Committee reversed the decision of the Irish Supreme Court in that case of Wigg & Cochrane *v.* The Attorney-General of the Irish Free State.† But an unhappy fate dogged the appeal. When the matter was discussed subsequently in the House of Lords, two of the judges admitted that the judgment had been given under some misapprehension ; and Lord Birkenhead stated that the Lord Chancellor, who presided over the court, had expressed his opinion that the conclusion which he had drawn was probably wrong in law. Following this declaration the case was referred back to the Judicial Committee, which is not bound by any hard and fast doctrine of *res judicata* ; and, after an inconclusive judgment of the Committee, the substantive dispute was settled by an agreement between the Irish and the British Governments.

The next event in the chequered story of the appeal from the

* Hull *v.* McKenna. 1926. *Irish Reports*, p. 409.

† 1927. *Appeal Cases*, p. 674.

Irish courts was a bold challenge, on purely legal grounds, of the right of the Privy Council to admit appeals, in spite of the proviso in the Constitution. It was raised in a case turning on the interpretation of the British Copyright Act of 1911, which the Irish Supreme Court held to have ceased to be in force in the Free State when Dominion status was granted.* When leave to appeal was given by the Judicial Committee, it was argued that the words in the proviso : " Nothing shall impair the right of any person to petition His Majesty for special leave, etc. . . ." were of no effect, because no such right had ever existed in Ireland. In the days of the Union, appeals from Ireland went to the House of Lords ; and if there was a right of appeal to His Majesty in Council, it would lie to the Irish Privy Council. The Committee rejected the ingenious plea on the broad ground that the position of the Free State was that of a self-governing Dominion, and therefore the right of the individual to petition for leave to appeal was that of an inhabitant of a Dominion. Again, the particular appeal was abortive, this time because, prior to the hearing, the Irish Parliament passed an Act to provide for the maintenance of existing copyrights.

The experience of ten years since the coming into force of the Constitution has emphasized the practical ineffectiveness of the bare right to petition for leave to appeal from the Courts of the Free State. Judgment was given in two only of the ten cases in which an appeal was lodged. In one, no effect was given to the decision, and the matter was settled by agreement between the Governments ; in the other the effect was forestalled by Irish legislation. It is not, then, surprising that the Irish Government chanced their Constitutional arm, and purported to abolish by law of the Free State legislature the right of an Irish citizen to petition His Majesty in Council for leave to appeal. When the Act was passed, a case from Ireland, in which leave to appeal had already been granted, was pending before the Judicial Committee. It concerned a private right, the alleged trespass on a Fishery in the tidal portion of a river. The appellants claimed to be the owners, and the Irish Supreme Court, reversing the judgment of the lower court, dismissed their action. The pertinacity of the

* Performing Rights Society *v.* The Bray Urban District Council. 1930. *Irish Reports,* p. 509.

Irish litigant has, however, not changed; and a petition was presented to His Majesty in Council praying:—

> "(1) That the plaintiffs in the case might have leave to deliver to the Registrar to the Privy Council copies of the proceedings and pleadings in the action tried in the Irish Supreme Court; and—
>
> "(2) That a preliminary hearing might be had before His Majesty in Council to decide as to the validity and the effect of the Act, which purported to abolish the right of appeal from the Supreme Court to His Majesty in Council."

The petition was, indeed, considered by the members of the Judicial Committee; but it was explained at the outset that it was presented, not to the Committee, but to His Majesty in Council, because the petitioners were unable to satisfy the procedure of the Committee and file a formal petition of appeal. The Registrar of the Irish Court, being bound by the law of his State, declined to send a copy of the judgment against which the appeal was made, and therefore the petitioners must crave special leave to dispense with the official record of the proceedings in Ireland, and file their own record. The Board granted the second part of the petition; and the question whether it was open to the Irish legislature to abolish the right of appeal is to come before the Committee on a "Reference". In order to avoid the penalties to which an Irish citizen is liable, if in Ireland he serves notice of appeal to the Privy Council, notice to the parties concerned in the Free State will be served by registered post.

The constitutional question, then, will be argued before the most august Tribunal in the Empire. The judgment will doubtless be a storehouse of constitutional wisdom and of questions for legal examiners. On the other hand, it can hardly have any practical effect on the right of appeal from Ireland. The Irish Parliament and Government have judged that the right of appeal of the citizen to a Court outside the Free State is a fetter on their independence, or, to use a legal metaphor, a clog on the equity of their redemption. It is contrary to the spirit of the relations now existing between the Mother Country and the other members of the British Commonwealth to insist on maintaining a tie which one party regards as a chain. And the judicial link will not be weakened. The Committee will still receive enough appeals from the courts in the Dominions, India, the Colonies and Mandated territories for which it is still a palladium of justice.

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS MEMORIES

By E. Beresford Chancellor

HOLLAND House has long possessed an interest peculiarly its own. For one thing it is the last of the innumerable great London mansions which have survived from Stuart times till our own day; it is, too, the only one which exhibits those architectural features to contemplate which we must now journey into the country—to Hatfield and Blickling; Cobham and Burleigh, Longleat and Audley End. Then, too, it has been associated with many striking personalities, from Addison to the Lady Holland of so many Georgian and early Victorian memories, and has been the meeting-place of the political and literary celebrities of two centuries. Appropriately it has not lacked commemorators, for not only did Princess Marie Leichtenstein, a daughter of Lord Holland, write fully and lovingly about it, but Faulkner and Leigh Hunt have both dealt in their varied ways with its absorbing annals; while we gain glimpses of its *habitués* and remarkable *châtelaine* in the diaries of Tom Moore and Tom Creevey, Charles Greville and Baron Neumann, as well as in the journal of Mary Berry, and in our own day in a book by Mr. Lloyd Sanders (*The Holland House Circle*), which resumes in itself the results of a careful study of such authorities.

In early times the land now occupied by Holland House and its grounds was in the possession of the De Veres, but by gifts, purchase and alienation it passed to the Church and then to the Crown. Edward VI, however, leased it to Sir William Paulet, afterwards Marquess of Winchester, who, in payment of a debt owed to the Crown, surrendered his interest to Queen Elizabeth. She granted the property to Lord Burghley, whose trustees sold it to Sir Walter Cope, and it is with Cope that the place was for long chiefly identified.

Sir Walter, who was the brother of Sir Anthony Cope the owner of that other famous house, Bramshill in Hampshire, rapidly attained wealth and influence under James I, who made him a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, gave him, in 1608, a grant of the fines in the Court of King's Bench, and four years later made him Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, and created him a baronet. In a word Sir Walter was one of that large band of middle-class families which rose with the rapidity of mushroom growth to power and affluence in the reign of Elizabeth. He it was who built Holland House, besides purchasing much additional land in its immediate vicinity.

The architect he selected was that, to us, rather shadowy personage, John Thorpe, who, chiefly on the evidence of a notebook full of architectural designs, now in the Sloane Museum, has been credited by Walpole and others with the creation of many great houses to which he can hardly lay claim; Holland House, and Kirby Hall in Yorkshire, old Longford Castle and Rushton Hall, however, being with reasonable assurance credited to him. The fact is that Thorpe was accustomed to fill his notebook with drawings of the ground-plans and façades of various mansions erected in his day, not improbably as hints for his own undertakings, and as some of these are known to have been erected by other architects one cannot be sure which were from his own designs, unless other evidence bears collateral proof. In the case of Holland House this is so, for on the ground-plan of it is written "Sir Walter Coap (*sic*), at Kensington, perfected by me, J. T." This plan consists of two drawings, one a small rough sketch, and by its side a large one obviously based upon and developed from it, and it seems probable that the smaller one represents Sir Walter's vague idea of the character his house should assume, and the large one Thorpe's architectural version, hence the word "perfected" may be taken as meaning this, and not as merely indicating that Thorpe enlarged or otherwise improved the work of another architect.

The mansion was erected in 1607, but was not wholly completed in 1614, when Sir Walter died. It had, however, become known rather grandiosely as Cope Castle; a title not altogether inappropriate, however, for when Henry, Prince of Wales was lying ill, James I came from Theobalds and stayed there in

order to be near his son. But his Majesty did not like the place, finding it cold and draughty: "the wind", he said, "blew through the walls, and he could not be warm in his bed", so he went elsewhere after casting this unfortunate slur on the owner, architect, and builder; although we must remember that the place was not even then in a wholly finished state.

It was Cope's daughter and heiress who, by marrying Henry Rich, created subsequently Earl of Holland, brought the house into the possession of that family. Lord Holland, a devoted adherent of Charles I and one of those who shared his tragic fate, made Holland House, as it now became named, a centre of hospitality and splendour. He, too, added considerably to the structure, not only in erecting the wings and the arcade in front, but also in embellishing the interior. The place first enters into history as being the spot where the Houses of Parliament met Fairfax when marching at the head of his army into London on August 6th, 1647. Both Fairfax and Lambert are said successively to have occupied the house after Holland's execution and its alienation to the Parliament, and there are traditional accounts of visits paid here by Cromwell, which may easily be true.

It was, however, not long before Lord Holland's widow was permitted to resume her occupation of her property; and, being again installed there, she not merely improved it in a variety of ways, but dared, in those austere days, to patronize the players who were not permitted to act in the regular theatres, by having theatrical performances given in her long gallery. At one time Lady Holland must have let at least a portion of the house, for it is known that Sir John Chardin, the well-known traveller, during the reign of Charles II, and William Penn, in that of his successor, occupied it, or rooms in it. Indeed, down to the times of the Georges the family was in the habit of letting the place for more or less lengthy periods, and we hear of that rather amazing Catherine Darnley, Duchess of Buckinghamshire, an illegitimate daughter of James II, and Downright Shippen, as Pope calls him, and of whom Sir Robert Walpole once remarked: "I will not say who are to be corrupted, but I will say who is incorruptible, and that is Shippen", being once tenants here.

Towards the close of the year 1689 the place was nearly

becoming a permanent royal residence, for when the asthmatic William III found Whitehall too near the river, he was recommended to try Holland House; indeed, it was fitted up at a cost of some £1,500 for his reception, but for some reason, probably the greater distance from London, he did not approve of it, and Lord Nottingham's residence, now Kensington Palace, was selected instead.

Lady Holland died in 1655; and of the eight of her ten children surviving her, the eldest son Robert, Lord Kensington, succeeded to his father's title, and as 5th Earl of Warwick in 1675 only two years before his death. It was by this second title that his son was known, and it was with that son's step-father, Joseph Addison, that the earlier eighteenth century annals of Holland House are specially identified.

Addison had married the widow of the 6th Earl in 1716, a union which was hardly more successful than was that of Wycherley and Lady Drogheda, and in an age when the wine-cup was dominant he seems to have fallen to its seductions still more in consequence of intermittent marital disputes. There is a well-known story of how, when engaged on literary work, he would walk up and down the long gallery of Holland House, a bottle being placed at either end from which he imbibed freely. However, the union, ill-assorted or not as it may be, only lasted three years, and it is Addison's death-bed utterance to the young Earl that is one of the famous episodes of an else famous house. The anecdote tells how Addison had Lord Warwick called to his bedside and solemnly pronounced the well-known words: "See in what peace a Christian can die", implying that the young peer required such an admonition. On the other hand, Walpole in one of his letters bluntly says that the great moralist "died of brandy". Both tales may be true—or false. The admonition sounds rather in Addison's manner; the brandy may well have been a palliative or a necessary means of sustaining life. In any case the three short years of which Addison's married career consisted have succeeded in giving to Holland House one of its outstanding memories. Johnson, who had a horror of death, calls the close of that association "an awful scene". Another one was to follow in two years time, for in 1721 the young earl who had stood beside his illustrious

stepfather's death-bed lay on his own, and died at the early age of twenty-three.

It was after this event that the house was again let on short leases to various tenants, among them Lord Lechmere, and Morrice, High Bailiff of Westminster and son-in-law of Bishop Atterbury in whose correspondence many references will be found to the place. The estates of the Rich family, including Holland House, passed through the female branch to William Edwardes, on whose mother, Lady Elizabeth Rich, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, they had been settled. He was created Lord Kensington in 1776; and he it was who had, in 1767, sold the property to Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland, the son of the famous Stephen Fox. Before then Fox had, however, been occupying it at a rent so low that Sir George Trevelyan, in his *Early Life of Charles James Fox*, says it was "less than is asked for five out of six among the hundreds of dwellings which now fringe its northern and eastern outskirts". Sir George was writing in 1880, and he adds: "but which have not been permitted to invade the sacred enclosure", a remark that would require no little modification today.

It was just twenty years before Fox purchased the place that Walpole refers to a great ball given by him at Holland House, "which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements".

Henry Fox married under romantic circumstances, an elopement among them, Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond, and was subsequently created Lord Holland; one of his brothers became in due course Earl of Ilchester, the ancester of the present owner of Holland House.

Apart from being the father of the great statesman and inveterate gambler Charles James Fox, the 1st Lord Holland was in many respects a remarkable man, and is not by any means the least notable of the owners of his historic mansion. He was a devoted adherent of Sir Robert Walpole; like his famous son he wasted his patrimony; like him he held high office, and that amiability which characterized the younger man seems to have been inherited from his father, who was one of the most indulgent of parents. But he was not popular. He gained an unenviable notoriety for self-seeking, and there is no doubt that he regarded

the public purse as one into which he could with impunity and with regularity dip his hand. Although loaded with sinecures and reversions for his children, nothing seemed able to satisfy his craving for wealth, and he was popularly regarded as a wicked, grasping man, unhappy in his wealth and wickedness. In his domestic circle, however, he was, if not a model parent, at least a most amenable one, and the wit which descended to his best known son was in him lambent to the last. Lying on his death-bed and hearing that George Selwyn, also notable for that quality as well as for his love of gruesome subjects, was calling to see him, he gave the order to his servant: "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive I shall be glad to see him, and if I am dead I am sure he will like to see me". His death occurred on July 1st, 1774, and was a happy release, for his latter days had been, according to Walpole, miserable ones, aggravated by the fact that Lady Holland was also lying ill at the time—indeed, she only survived her husband a little over three weeks. Curiously enough, too, the eldest son, who inherited the title and estates, also died in the December of the same year, when Henry Richard, his son by Mary, daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory, then but a year old, succeeded. This was the child who was to become the Henry Vassall Fox, Lord Holland, under whom and his very imperious lady, the brilliance of Holland House was to reach its apogee.

But before that time, a period extending roughly from 1799 to 1840, the place had, as the home of the redoubtable 1st Lord and still more of his brilliant son Charles James Fox, become a centre of social and political importance second to few in London; if one can then describe as being in London a mansion that possessed all the attributes of a country house and was often, on account of the state of the roads and the then limited estimate of distances, as difficult to reach as are now houses many miles from the metropolis.

Horace Walpole was a frequent visitor, and on one occasion, coming away from a dinner there he was stopped and fired at by a highwayman near Hyde Park. He helped to beautify the place, for not only did he procure certain vases from Italy for the gardens in 1758, but so much later as 1796 we find him recommending the 3rd Lord, who was then refurnishing it, to

purchase some carpets which Samuel Lysons was having made on the pattern of Roman pavements " which ", he says, " would be ornaments to the spacious rooms at Holland House ". By the way, this rehabilitation was necessary, as on the death of the 2nd Lord Holland and in view of the long minority of the 3rd, the contents of the house had been dispersed. " The sale at Holland House ", writes Walpole to Lady Upper Ossory, in December, 1775, " will produce treasures. I did not go ; it would have been a horrid sight for me who have lived there so much, but I hear the most common furniture sold as dear as relics ".

A longer extract from Walpole's letters must be given, as it records an interesting event here, and incidentally includes the names of several famous eighteenth-century figures. Writing to George Montagu, on January 22nd, 1761, he says :

> " I was excessively amused on Tuesday night ; there was a play at Holland House acted by children ; not *all children*, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangeways played the women. It was Jane Shore ; one Price, Lord Barrington's nephew was Gloster, and acted three parts better than the comedians. Charles Fox, Hastings ; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour ; Lord Ofaly, Lord Ashbroke, and other boys did the rest—but the two little girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive ".

The Lady Sarah who made such an impression on Horace Walpole was the daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond and, therefore, Lady Holland's sister, and was beloved by George III (who is said first to have been attracted by her while she was making hay in the fields before Holland House, as he rode by one day). She became the wife successively of Sir Charles Bunbury and the Hon. George Napier, and whose sons by her second husband were afterwards Sir Charles and Sir William Napier.

But it was when the third Lord Holland brought there the beautiful and imperious lady who was for so long to rule over a brilliant coterie and to rule over it with a rod of iron, that Holland House entered into its most extended career of glory.

Here came the great Sir Walter, who hardly appreciated the Jacobean architecture of the place—he called it "bastard Gothic"—but who dreaded the time, which he anticipated to be not far off, when it would be demolished, and rows and crescents would reign in its stead; here came Rogers with his funereal face and bitter tongue, who had to be more than once admonished by his hostess for talking so loudly, and who would reply that if he did not say nasty things in a loud voice nobody would attend to what he said. Here it was that, on a certain great lady taxing him with abusing her, he retorted with the crushingly courteous but double-barrelled rejoinder: "Dear lady, I pass my time in defending you". Sidney Smith uttered some of his most telling witticisms in the room whose walls had echoed to the voice of Addison; and Luttrell here made his well-known rejoinder to Lady Holland, who had asked him to make room at a table crowded to suffocation: "It will, indeed, be to make it, for it does not exist". Tom Moore's beautiful voice and pathetic ballads drew tears from sentimental eyes here, and Theodore Hook's jokes and marvellous feats of improvisation, the tears of inextinguishable laughter. Here, as at Lansdowne House, Mackintosh wrangled with Macaulay across the attenuated form of Rogers, "as if I were a dead body", as the latter pathetically exclaimed.

Indeed Macaulay was one of the great lions of the place, and in a letter to his sister tells of his first visit there. Unlike Scott he found the house "delightful"—the very perfection of the old Elizabethan style", and when he sat down to dinner, it was in company with Lords Albemarle, Alvanley—a wit and beau of an older school—John Russell and Mahon. After the meal Lord Holland, who had dined by himself because of his gout, was wheeled in, and "was extremely amusing and good natured". Later, in the drawing room, Macaulay had what he would have termed "a set to" with his hostess. He used the word constituency, "if the word constituency were admissible", he added, whereupon Lady Holland: "I'm glad you put that in. I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is *talented*, and *influential* and *gentlemanly*. I never could break Sheridan of *gentlemanly* though he allowed it to be wrong". No wonder Macaulay should add that

" she thinks herself a critic ". But what æons seem to have passed when *talented* could be objected to, or the use of *constituencies* reproved !

But, although gracious to Macaulay, Lady Holland was, as all the world knows, far from being habitually so : says the historian, " The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one ' go ' and he goeth ; and to another ' do this ' and it is done. ' Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay ', ' Lay down that screen, Lord Russell, you will spoil it '. ' Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Buonaparte ' ". But she had known Byron and could tell anecdotes of him ; she had travelled much and was a keen observer ; and at heart she was a kind woman who, if she loved to dictate to those who could look after themselves, was gentleness itself to less assertive people.

The name of Allen reminds me of this " tame cat " of the place, who travelled with his patrons when they made their tours, and who was always at hand with his comprehensive learning and fine memory, to put them right on any point that might arise, from the date of a Roman Emperor's death to that of Lady Holland's birth. " Ask Dr. Allen how old I am ", said she one day to a footman, on the point arising. " Dr. Allen says you are fifty-seven, my Lady ". " Nonsense, I can't be that, ask him again ". " Tell her she's fifty-seven ", was heard roared out from the adjoining room by the irate Doctor, who probably thought a complimentary evasion of the truth was required, and was determined not to make it.

If it were possible to recover all the *memorabilia* that have been uttered in Holland House, what a book for a corner we should have ! So much of genial wisdom, of real humour, of lambent and often mordant, wit would there be that, as at the " Mermaid ", it might seem as if each guest had determined to put his whole life in a jest.

Lady Holland's circle could hardly be termed a *salon*. Women did not greatly affect her company, for one or two reasons ; it was rather like a literary club presided over by one who had the wit to be, but the good sense not to be, a blue-stocking. Nor was it she only who drew that brilliant set to the hospitable roof which Thorpe had built. No one likes to be

perpetually bullied, or told to stop talking or to poke the fire, even if the command comes from a lady's lips ; it was Lord Holland's charm of manner and perennial kindness of heart that ensured his guests a genial and ever ready welcome, and, if Lady Holland was apt to be exacting and imperious, they put up with it for the sake of her husband's innate good nature and amiable qualities.

In our own earlier days something of a recrudescence of social glory centred in Holland House, when the famous garden parties given by a later Lady Holland formed part and parcel of the attractions of the London season.

Today the splendid mansion stands in attenuated grounds, but still, at least in the summer, practically hidden by its encircling trees. How long will it remain ? is a question asked by many interested in the preservation of historic and architectural landmarks. So many great houses that once seemed capable of defying time itself have disappeared or been turned to alien uses, that one cannot but think that this supremely interesting one may share their fate. Macaulay in his essay on his friend Lord Holland, written nearly a century ago, says, " The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek amidst new streets and squares and railway stations for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers and statesmen ". This prophecy is happily still unfulfilled, but if in the historian's day such an ultimate fate seemed probable, how much more does it today amid the holocaust of the old and the feverishly unceasing erection of the new ?

ITALY AND GERMANY

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

IN the European political situation of today there is no factor both actually and potentially more important than the breach which has opened between Italy and Germany. And what makes this breach all the more important is that it should have opened so short a time after the meeting in Venice between Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler ; so soon after that speech in the Square of St. Mark wherein Signor Mussolini, in the presence of his guest, declared to an applauding multitude that he and Herr Hitler had established an " intimate spiritual communion ", and that " a terrible alternative " faced Europe if she proved incapable of achieving a minimum of political understanding, of economic collaboration, and of social comprehension.

The list of acts whereby Signor Mussolini had given his support to Germany is both long and impressive. In the matter of the French expedition into the Ruhr, and again at the time of the Locarno Treaties and Germany's entry into the League, Signor Mussolini played his own hand, to the annoyance of the French. Italy's own relations with Germany were regulated by the signature of a Treaty of Friendship and Arbitration, which created machinery for the peaceful settlement of all sorts of disputes. The duration was fixed for ten years. This was the first Arbitration Treaty to be signed by Germany with a former enemy Power, and was hailed in that country as another step towards the recovery by the Reich of its former position in Europe.

One particularly vital problem upon which Signor Mussolini has attempted to obtain for Germany, and thereby also for Europe,

a reasonably fair and realistic solution has been that of Disarmament. There is no need to recall all the phases of this long drawn-out and still unsolved problem. Germany's decision last October to leave the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations was anything but acceptable to Signor Mussolini. It was at once realized that, even though her withdrawal from the League could not take full effect for two years after formal notice of such withdrawal had been served, yet by her action Germany had not only violated both the letter and the spirit of the Four Power Pact—in particular Article III of the Pact—but further, since the Pact was finally drafted to operate within the League of Nations, Germany had in effect nullified an instrument particularly dear to Signor Mussolini's heart. This was all the more galling since the Pact was so largely conceived in the interests of Germany herself, and since Signor Mussolini, in recommending the Pact to the Senate, had gone out of his way to insist that throughout the negotiations Germany had been inspired by a keen desire for collaboration. In spite, however, of seeing his pet project stultified, Signor Mussolini immediately issued a reassuring *communiqué* in which it was declared that the substance and tone of the speech just made by Herr Hitler and of the messages issued to the German people did not close all doors, and that the requisite and satisfactory conditions for the re-examination of the whole problem ought to be created. Realizing, then, that it was useless to bury his head in the sand and, out of pedantic deference to principles, to decline to face facts which were universally known, Signor Mussolini eventually produced a memorandum that was at once more practical and more favourable to Germany then the proposals eventually made by other Governments. In particular Signor Mussolini emphasized that equality of rights for Germany and other disarmed States had been solemnly recognized. Consequently, he argued that the impossibility for the armed Powers immediately to reduce their armaments to a level reasonably near that of Germany gave to the German claims a juridical and a moral force that could not easily be denied.

It should not be forgotten that not only were many of these and other unmentioned manifestations of Italian goodwill towards Germany made before the advent to power of Herr Hitler,

but they were made in the face of tactless acts of German provocation. It has been common knowledge ever since the Peace Settlement that an increasing section of Italian public opinion has been bitterly disappointed with the failure of Italy to obtain a mandate, and that this failure has been keenly resented both as a slight upon the national prestige and as robbing Italy of a field for her future commercial development. When, therefore, the German Press proceeded at the end of 1925 to include a claim to a mandate, among the other demands which Germany proposed to formulate as soon as she should have been elected to the League of Nations, Italy naturally was indignant and pointed out that if there were to be any re-allocation she had a right first to be satisfied. Moreover, this German claim was put forward simultaneously with a violent campaign in the German and Austrian Press against the alleged tyranny of the Italian administration in the Alto Adige. The attacks were supported by such responsible politicians as Herr Held, then Prime Minister of Bavaria; Herr Stresemann, then German Foreign Minister; and Herr Ramek, then Austrian Chancellor. Signor Mussolini's replies were typically vigorous, while his retorts that even before the War there had never been a *German* South Tyrol, and that the question of the Trentino was settled at St. Germain were juridically unanswerable.

Much more important, indeed, than the allegations of Italian excesses was the arrogation by Germany to herself of the right to take all German minorities, wherever they might be situated, under her direct protection, and the support given by the German Press and by responsible politicians to the policy of the *Anschluss* (or union) with Austria in the face of the Treaties of Versailles and of St. Germain and again of the Geneva Protocol of 1922, which forbade Austria to take any financial or economic step that would compromise her independence. To these German pretensions Signor Mussolini replied by declaring that the population of the Alto Adige was not one of those minorities which were the subject of special agreements, and that these Germans were not a national minority, but " an ethnographical relic ". As for the *Anschluss*, Signor Mussolini again and again made it clear that he declined to entertain even the hypothesis of Italy having a common frontier with Germany on the Brenner.

When, then, subsequently Germany and Austria sought to dodge these inhibitions by the creation of a " purely economic " Customs Union, Italy immediately expressed her doubts and disapproval, and " with the best will in the world " to believe the assurances of the Austrian and German Governments, was driven to conclude that there was also an important political aspect involved.

If, then, Signor Mussolini could challenge Herr Stresemann to deny that " since the war Italy has followed a friendly policy towards Germany ", Herr Hitler found many trumps in his hand when he came into power. The triumph of National Socialism was hailed in Italy with a chorus of enthusiasm. There were several reasons for this jubilation. With the exception of Hungary, which had got rid of Bela Kun and his Jewish clique in a few months, partly by her own efforts and partly by foreign intervention, Italian Fascism had been the first national movement to defeat Socialism-Communism. Herr Hitler's success was consequently greeted as another heavy blow to the cause of Social Democracy ; and that, too, in the very country where it had had for so many years one of its most powerful, if not in fact, its most powerful stronghold. Furthermore, it was particularly gratifying to the national *amour-propre* of Italy to reflect that this stronghold should have been captured by the forces of a man who made no secret of his admiration for Signor Mussolini ; who worked with a photograph of Signor Mussolini upon his desk to inspire him ; whose title of *der Führer* was only a translation into German of *il Duce* ; and who, by establishing his regime in the Reich, had done so much to make good the boast of Signor Mussolini that " within ten years Europe will be either Fascist or fascistized ". To these sentimental reasons others of a more practical nature were also added. It was held that a morally and materially rehabilitated Germany would be a precious acquisition in the struggle to evolve order and prosperity out of the political and economic chaos of Europe. In the long run Europe would gain by the establishment in Germany of a stable government, able to repel the last onslaughts of Moscow, and by imposing social tranquility, to build up again a fresh market for international trade.

Lastly, Italy came quickly to see that in a rejuvenated Nazi

Germany, standing once more firmly upon her feet, she could find a counterpoise to the " hegemony " of France and of her " satellites ", Poland and the Small Entente. Italy was, and still is, unconvinced that the chain of French alliances encircling Germany was forged with the exclusive object of keeping Germany down in a position of inferiority. She recalled that at the time of the Ruhr occupation there had been rumours of a continental *bloc* being formed against Great Britain, and Signor Mussolini justified the presence of Italian engineers in the Ruhr with the statement that " we cannot capriciously run any risk in the event, however improbable, of an agreement in the economic field between France and Germany with regard to coal and iron ". She saw that there was a flirtation being carried on between M. Briand and Herr Stresemann ; and that both these statesmen devoted more attention to smoothing out differences between their respective countries than they did to considering their relations with Italy. Although the Treaty of Locarno was signed on October 16, 1925, the question whether Italy should become a signatory to the pact was, as Signor Mussolini himself revealed a few months later, still undecided at the beginning of October.

The significance of this admission was borne out by the writings of the authoritative Signor Coppola in the review *Politica*. Among those advantages which he saw for Italy by her adherence were that the Treaty would (*a*) contribute to the progressive and inevitable weakening of the political and military treaties between France and the Small Entente and other new Central European States—treaties which were directed officially and in the first instance against Germany, but in reality and eventually against Italy ; (*b*) provide Italy, as a guarantor, with an unanswerable argument for having relatively larger armaments than those of other Powers ; and (*c*) would give to Italy, as a guarantor and judge, a position morally and therefore politically superior to that of the two countries guaranteed, i.e., France and Germany. Italy was inclined to think that the somewhat cavalier treatment meted out to her representatives during the Peace Conference in Paris did not proceed merely from an inadequate appreciation of her military achievements, but, so far as France was concerned, betokened the deliberate intention to rob her of the full fruits of

her victory. In particular Italy was genuinely perturbed by the military alliance concluded between France and Yugoslavia, and she anxiously asked herself of what good it was to her to have overthrown the forces of the Hasburgs, if her own sister and comrade-in-arms hastened at once to establish in the Little Entente another potentially dangerous combination of forces upon her north-eastern frontier. Italy was further confirmed in her suspicions by the unwillingness of France to recognize the Italian claim to naval parity with herself, and by her continued refusal to implement that article in the Treaty of London, 1915, which promised compensation to Italy in the case of Great Britain and France increasing their colonial possessions in Africa. This conduct on the part of France has always made the more painful an impression upon Italy, inasmuch as it has naturally been contrasted with the action of Great Britain, who, if she has not fully satisfied the hopes and desires of Italy, has at least done enough to make good her engagements.

With so many advantages waiting ready for Herr Hitler, it ought not to have been very difficult for him to have continued to find in a sore and, at times, an exasperated Mussolini a prudent collaborator to the considerable profit of Germany. To the constantly growing dismay and alarm of Italy, Herr Hitler proceeded within a few months to pursue a line of policy that has forfeited much of the respect and admiration felt for him. The persecution of the Jews, so far as it was understood at all in a country where there is no Jewish "problem" and where distinguished Jews are treated with all honour, was condemned as senseless, and even Signor Mussolini was moved to mark his disapproval by making a gesture of sympathy with the Jews. The proceedings of the Reichstag fire trial, and, in particular, the celebrated outburst of General Göring, were watched with incredulity and amazement. The murder, imprisonment and torture of political opponents were liked none the better in Italy because certain tweaks of conscience reminded the Fascists that their own rise to power had not been unaccompanied by many deplorable excesses. In fact the Italian Fascist looking upon his Nazi image felt something of the shock with which Dorian Gray first saw the distorted features of his portrait, and he began to regret that he had insisted so loudly upon the similarity

between Fascism and Nazism. Yet another problem which is generally regarded in Italy as having been badly mishandled is that of religion within the Nazi State. The Settlement of 1929 has certainly not brought unruffled peace between the Holy See and the Italian Government. It is only just three years since the activities of the *Azione Cattolica* brought about a most serious quarrel between the Holy Father and Signor Mussolini. Not even, however, in those utterances which were most condemned by the Pope did Signor Mussolini seek to replace Jupiter upon the level upon which Wotan has been put by certain prominent Nazis, nor has he ever suggested that the Lictor's Rod should be raised to the status of the Cross. The more exaggerated manifestations and pretensions of Nazism have, in fact, been ridiculed by Signor Mussolini who, while claiming " in the most peremptory manner the historical priority of the Fascist movement, and no less peremptorily the unmistakable originality of our doctrines ", stigmatized as " crazy " those who " sought to declare themselves autonomists and who dream of racialism and all its gratuitously pretended purity ".

Notwithstanding these manifold sources of disillusionment and irritation, all might yet have been well if Herr Hitler could only have kept his fingers out of the Austrian pie. Italy was at first inclined to make allowances. Signor Mussolini did not forget that he had himself suffered from the acts of some of his under-strappers in outlying districts. He was ready to give Herr Hitler some time to get his partisans well in hand. He even sought to dissuade him from pursuing, or countenancing intrigues in Austria by the publication of inspired newspaper articles arguing the untenability of the Nazi pretensions, and pointing out that the historical tradition of centuries had given to Austria a religious, spiritual, and cultural entity and life that forbade her to be loosely confounded and identified with Germany. As the German provocations grew rather than diminished, and to the broadcast utterances from Munich of Herr Habicht were added daily outrages perpetrated upon Austrian soil, the Italian Press was prompted to call in question the sincerity of Herr Hitler's re-assuring statements, and to document the undeniable complicity of responsible Germans in the terrorist campaign being waged against the Government of Herr Dollfuss. The tripartite

protocols signed in Rome last spring by Italy, Austria, and Hungary re-affirmed the "independence and rights" of every State as a basic hypothesis, and were clearly meant as another warning to Germany.

As a last resort was arranged the Venice meeting between the two dictators. What exactly occurred then is still not clear. The Italians professed to have received fresh assurances as to the observance of Austrian independence. Mouthpieces of Germany, on the other hand, declared that the situation remained materially unchanged—declarations which were certainly confirmed by events. It would appear as though both Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler gave their own interpretation to the word "independence", and that each considers the other guilty of using it in a Pickwickian sense. Be that as it may, the meeting is now acknowledged to have been a failure, the dangerous futility of which was made public by the assassination of Herr Dollfuss. The indignation aroused in Italy by that crime was the measure of the pent-up anger and disgust, with which the nation, seriously concerned by the steady pressure of a German menace to the Brenner, had tacitly condemned alike the methods employed by Herr Hitler in getting rid of unfaithful and undesirable colleagues, and also the unsavoury revelations of immorality, to which certain prominent Nazis had long been notoriously addicted. The unbridled virulence of the anti-German campaign was incredibly fierce. No foul insult was too bad to be hurled at the heads of all Germans indiscriminately. For the first time one began to feel that there was some real justification for the normal muzzling of the Fascist Press.

Bismarck wisely remarked that in politics there is no room for either love or hatred. Signor Mussolini would certainly confirm this opinion. However angry he may at times have been with France; however disgruntled he now is with Germany; and however large the discount that must be made for a Germanophile policy which at the same time suited Italian interests, the principles of the Four Power Pact and the repeated warnings of what will befall Europe if she does not achieve a minimum of political unity go to show that Signor Mussolini has the instincts of a good European. The murder of Herr Dollfuss so soon after the Venice meeting does not mean that Italy has burned all her

gondolas. The feeling, however, that the events in Vienna of July 25 have opened up a gulf between Germany and Italy that cannot easily be bridged has already become noticeably strong. The voices of those who have always preached that " Codling's the friend, not Short ", are again being raised.

The direct menace to Italy's northern frontier, which would be the immediate consequence of Nazi policy triumphing in Austria, would, it is being increasingly realized, by no means close the chapter. President Hindenburg's declaration that what has been German must again become German is being recalled. An Austria either completely absorbed into Germany by a formal *Anschluss* or so " nazified " as to be a vassal State would, it is apprehended, soon mean the re-opening of the campaign for the liberation of the Germans in the Alto Adige, all Herr Hitler's soporific utterances notwithstanding, and would eventually mean either the actual or virtual disappearance of Czechoslovakia as an independent State. A Germany thus swollen to over seventy millions of inhabitants would lose no time in resuming her old Mediterranean, and more precisely Adriatic, ambitions, while she would equally certainly revive all the expansionist aims summed up in the *Drang nach Osten*. That Hungary could or would care to resist such pressure is more than doubtful. The existence in Hungary of a strong and important germanophile element can scarcely be denied. The attitude of Yugoslavia has, of late, been anything but satisfactory either to Italy or to her ally France. The persistent rumours of a German-Yugoslav deal over the region of the Karawanken mountains in the event of Germany absorbing Austria cannot be dismissed off-hand. A Germany in a position fully to exploit her old policy of *Mitteleuropa* and of the *Drang nach Osten* would make short work of Italy's political and economic designs in these regions so vitally important to her.

If it is permissible to speculate upon the stability of the Hitler regime after the tearing aside of the veil on June 30, it is no less permissible to argue that, whether Herr Hitler himself remains or disappears, power is gradually shifting back into the hands of the Nationalists and of the Reichswehr. Such a Germany would deal a deadly blow to Italy. French economic interests in the Danubian and in the Balkan countries are admittedly

of only secondary importance, and would not be likely, in any conceivable circumstances, to become really considerable. With Germany it is quite otherwise. That economic infiltration which sunk so deeply into northern Italy and into south-eastern Europe before 1914 would recommence without delay, and Italy would find that the support sometimes given by her to Germany for temporary and tactical purposes had ended in the raising up again of a Power whose permanent and fundamental interests are in many ways directly opposed to her own.

The revival of these arguments, far more than the sentimental and effervescent indignation aroused in Italy by the murder of Herr Dollfuss and other German misdeeds in Austria, invests the forthcoming visit to Rome of M. Barthou with the highest political importance. The opportunity is exceptionally favourable for the clearing up of a situation that has been allowed to drag on unsatisfactorily for much too long a time. In one very important respect France has already done much to prepare the ground. Nothing was more galling to the self-respect of Italians than the consciousness that the French did not really regard them as equals. The French—and not only the French—tendency to underestimate the value of the Italian contribution to the common victory; the inclination to bid the Italians not speak until they were spoken to, the unnecessarily slighting and provocative attitude assumed by France upon various occasions, did more mischief than can easily be imagined, and was the main cause of Italian counter-manifestations marked often by childish arrogance. A more just appreciation both of Italy's military effort in the war and of the national revival which has sprung from the dynamic leadership of Signor Mussolini has done much to smooth down Italy's ruffled plumage. In another respect also the visit should be happily timed. Neither France nor Italy are today in so strong a position to put pressure upon each other as they were a year ago. If Italy can no longer scare France with the spectre of a cordial Italo-German friendship, France is no longer certain how far Yugoslavia will dance to her piping if she undertakes the essential task of bringing Rome and Belgrade together, and she has undoubtedly been shaken by the manifest reluctance of Poland to go on for ever walking in French

leading-strings. Both parties, therefore, should meet in a reasonable frame of mind.

That it will not be easy to settle all the scores between the two countries is a commonplace. It is already obvious that even those who are agreed upon the desirability of an agreement are not at one upon the methods by which this agreement should be accomplished. Thanks, however, to the singularly inept course so far steered by Herr Hitler in foreign policy and, even more, to the embarrassing interferences of more or less unauthorized understrappers, Nazi Germany has aroused a widespread distrust that is in strong contrast to the growing confidence felt in the resolution and sagacity evinced by Signor Mussolini. A Franco-Italian settlement of differences need not connote a violently anti-German policy. That would be foolish, in the ultimate interest of Europe as a whole. But the rift between Rome and Berlin has given to France and to Italy such an opportunity as they have not had since the war. May it be seized with wisdom !

THE MOSCOW THEATRE FESTIVAL

A Diary

By Hubert Griffith

August 25th.—Between seventy and eighty people from England sail on a Soviet vessel from Hays Wharf, London Bridge, bound for the Moscow Theatre Festival from September 1st to the 10th. Among them are the dramatic critics of four leading London newspapers; a contingent from the British Drama League; a few experts in Russian drama, keenly interested to see its latest developments; a great many more non-experts who are prepared to be keenly interested in the Russian theatre—and in as much else of Soviet life as they may see incidentally; and yet another section keenly interested in nothing at all, simply regarding the trip as a cheap and adventurous holiday.

The boat carries far more than Theatre Festival passengers—Soviet and English officials returning to Russia to take up their work, engineers, writers, and some American-Russian families. The boat is clean, well-run and comfortable; moreover, the food is good.

Precisely for this reason I take it upon myself to make a short speech to the Festival visitors while we are still in the Baltic a day out from Leningrad: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Many of you were no doubt told by solicitous friends that in coming to Russia on a first visit you were taking your lives in your hands; that you would be alternatively starved or poisoned, and that the conditions of squalor would be unimaginable. The conditions on this boat, after four days of pleasant sailing, have induced a reaction. A feeling has set in, 'But Russia is flowing with milk and honey!' Believe me, there may be still another reaction after we have been there a few days. From my experiences there in the last three years, I know that we shall be neither starved nor poisoned—may even, indeed, be housed and fed quite admirably. But we will be alien and pampered travellers in a land where material comfort has been almost forgotten. To your Western-European eyes, the first sight of the neglected and dusty streets of

Leningrad and Moscow will almost tempt you to believe that your friends were right. There may have been changes in the year since I have been there, but do not judge Russia from this Soviet boat ! "

August 30th.—Docking in Leningrad in the late afternoon. A grey city under low skies. Hotels and meals (for tourists) as good as any in Europe. The party spends the next day seeing its marvellous " plan " as a city under Peter the Great, and the disrepair of its present-day streets. The next evening there is the night-train to Moscow, a journey of about eleven hours.

September 1st, Moscow.—The opening performance of the Theatre Festival, Borodin's great classic opera, *Prince Igor*, The Moscow chief opera house, called the " Bolshoi " (meaning " the great," and called it long before the Bolshevik party existed) has one of the most lovely theatre-interiors of the world. *Prince Igor* was given on a scale which seemed to say, " If Borodin demands a chorus of fifty, we will give him a chorus of a hundred. If the pageantry demands a hundred supers we will give him two hundred." The lavishness of the spectacle was extreme. It was assisted by great heavy stage-sets that took twenty minutes and more to remove between acts. The audience was not out of the house until a quarter to one at night (Moscow is a late-living city.) The singing was good, the dances that make up so important a part of the Third Act were good, and the rich, triumphant and barbaric music of Borodin made an immense impression.

The audience was well dressed. True, the conductor was the only man in the house to go to the extent of a white tie, but so well dressed was the rest of the house, in the dark suit-white collar tradition, that I found it difficult to distinguish between native Russian audience and tourists. This was to me very remarkable. Four years ago I had sat in the same house with a small party of English art-students, quite shabbily dressed by England standards. But so much better then was this shabby English dress than the contemporary dress of the Russians that we had been the centre of attention of the house. Russians had come up to us devouring the quality of the cloth with their eyes, and even stroking it with their hands. To-day—though the white shirt-fronts of the ordinary West-end first-night are not

even thought about—an Englishman will be paying no compliment to the Russians if he thinks that he need take only his oldest clothes.

The stage-dresses were gorgeous. One has been told by Chaliapin in his autobiography how, when there was a question of breaking up the famous wardrobe of the Bolshoi in the early days of the Revolution, he went to Lenin, and Lenin signed a special order for its conservation.

September 2nd.—" Intervention," a post-Revolutionary, propagandist play, at the Vachtangov theatre. There will be at least a couple of other such plays in the course of the Festival. I shall reserve my conclusion until I have seen some more of them.

Note.—The Hotel Metropole where I am staying is like a new university—or like what George Moore said the café of the " Nouvelle Athènes " was to him when he was a student in the Paris of the 'eighties—a place where he met the modern artistic spirit of his age and exchanged ideas. The Café de la Nouvelle Athènes has disappeared from the Place Pigalle, but Moscow in a sense has taken its place as the modern Paris. I have been separated from my party, who have gone to the National Hotel and the Novo Moskovskaia, and put by accident at the Metropole. I do not say within the first day, but within the first *half-hour* that I spent breakfasting in the place after the night-journey from Leningrad, I met such old friends as Maurice Hindus (the ex-Russian peasant's son, the American-Russian journalist who has been the best interpreter of modern Russia to the outside world), and Ernst Toller, the German playwright ; Louis Fischer, the best known of all the foreign newspaper correspondents here, and the young Frenchman, André Malraux (author of *La Condition Humaine*, a novel that has won the Prix Goncourt and that is now being made into a film by Eisenstein and will be made into a play by Meyerhold). In addition to these, there are Joseph Maria Graf, the German novelist, and Jean Richard Bloch, the Frenchman, and half a dozen others of the same European standing. To know one of them is to know them all. The Metropole is like a club—but like a club where the members are permitted to speak to one another. Discussions go on interminably into the night. At least some of the members of the club know Russian, and have a deep and extensive knowledge of Russia

in all its phases. Alexander Wicksteed, who has written a couple of books about Russia, and who has taught in the University of Moscow for the last nine years, is also a member. From these people, in odd fragments of their conversation, long vistas on Russian life are opened up, vistas such as could not be dreamt of by the ordinary tourist. A resident member of the club remarked at lunch : " My bread-ration here entitles me to more bread a day than I can possibly eat myself. I exchange the residue with the woman who does my laundry." A panorama in ten words ! Here, after seventeen years of life under the Soviets, a state of civilization has been reached so primitive in some respects that a Professor can exchange bread with his washerwoman for services. One thinks of the opulence of the representation of *Prince Igor*, and two thousand Russians listening to the great music, enraptured. There are two other opera houses in Moscow alone, giving opera and ballet every night of the year ; and all three of them so crowded that one cannot get seats for any single performance without long booking in advance. Russia is still—as it always was—a land of strange contrasts.

September 4th.—The " Children's Theatre " in the Tverskaia. A sudden floodlight upon the beauty and the gaiety that Russia may achieve in the future. The Moscow Children's Theatre is one of the first theatres to have been officially established after the Revolution ; it has continued for fifteen years, and is now the prototype of a hundred other such children's theatres up and down the Soviet Union. It is no side-show, but is a regularly established and far-reaching concern. It has a permanent company of sixty actors, all grown-ups and all getting the same salaries as performers at ordinary theatres, and an orchestra of twenty musicians. In command of it is a young woman of thirty, Natalis Satz. The piece shown is *The Negro Boy and the Monkey*, a combination of theatre, cinema-cartoon, and music ; animals, clowns, dancing and gaiety. There is also drama in it. There is a scene where the monkey, having been captured and tamed, is performing in a circus, and where his friend the negro boy (who has befriended him in the jungle) watched him from a box in the theatre ; and where the monkey, recognizing him, climbs up the theatre walls into the box, both the boy and the monkey shrieking with excitement at being reunited. I do not wish to

belittle the prodigious amount of good drama that the Festival is offering, but I must say that that moment was one of its good moments.

The children who form the audience provide others. They all pay the same price at the theatre—and are then divided into groups according to their size and age so that the smallest shall have the best places. They are well fed, well groomed, and well mannered—with an absolute freedom and unself-consciousness that proclaim that they have been taught and believe from experience that the theatre is their own. After walking uncountable miles through Moscow, its suburbs, and half a dozen other Russian cities, I still feel that the care of the children is incomparably the best thing in modern Russia.

I saw also the games that are organized for the children in the intervals. One of the games—played very good-temperedly—is that of guessing the weight of various balls, toys and animals. If the child gets the weight right, it receives the toy as a gift. Of course, not one in a hundred gets it right. Toys are rare in Russia. I can only imagine what it would be to the heart of Natalie Satz, the brilliant woman who runs the theatre, if she were able to make the gift a little more frequent.

September 5th.—The *Lac des Cygnes*, again at the Grand Opera House, and *Twelfth Night* at the Second Moscow Arts Theatre. Dear me, we seem to be getting a lot of classics. There are also in the programme of the Festival Meyerhold's *Dame aux Camelias*, and Stanislavsky's *Barber of Seville*, at a Palace of Culture ; and at least half a dozen other classics of Tolstoy, Schiller, and Ostrovsky are running concurrently at other Moscow theatres. There are Soviet enthusiasts for the theatre here in Moscow who complain that the Festival programme has been drawn up with too much enthusiasm for the classics. But I am not sure that I uphold this objection. The power of stupidity, as Flaubert has said, is formidable. There are many people in England, and in other countries too, who have been led by their Press seriously to believe that the whole modern Russian theatre has been given over to propaganda, and that when once in a while a classic is undertaken it is only to make a travesty of it, such as Meyerhold's *Hamlet*. In these circumstances it was perhaps the best and subtlest propaganda of all to let the foreign visitors see that the

classics—unadulterated—are repeatedly played in the Russian theatre and are appreciated and respected. Much more than seventy-five per cent. of the repertory of the Bolshoi is given over to pre-Revolution operas and ballets. A celebrated theatre, the Kamerny, has played more than twenty European and American plays (Shaw, O'Neill, Synge, Claudel, Rostand, etc.), since the Revolution. If I say that the classics are always assured of full houses, I say no more than might be said of every other sort of play in Moscow.

A passion for the theatre in all its forms seems to have affected the populace. It will hardly be believed, but it is nevertheless a fact that in many months of theatre-going in Moscow, spread over four years, I have never seen a vacant seat in any Moscow theatre. It is, however, worth recording that whereas a bad modern Soviet ballet, *The Red Poppy*, draws full houses, the classic Tchaikovsky ballet, the *Lac des Cygnes*, draws houses that are overflowing. I was shut out from one of the acts because I was late, after having a conversation with the director of the theatre. They are very strict about these things in the Russian theatre, and I was not allowed back into my seat in the stalls. I had to seek admission, where I could, in an upper box. The box was normally designed to hold four persons, but the night of the *Lac des Cygnes* it held fourteen. Simeonova, the *ballerina* in *Lac des Cygnes*, has very great talent and an easy and effortless technique. She is probably the most applauded artist in the Union of Soviet Republics—a "star," with a star's glamour about her.

They are very abstemious in Russian theatres. The rule of excluding people for lateness is rigidly enforced in almost all of them. No one ever dreams of smoking in the auditorium, but smoking is prohibited in most of the foyers as well, and one has to descend nearly into the street to light a cigarette in the long intervals. One can get sandwiches and cakes in the buffets, but practically no alcohol. In some of the theatres one can get mild beer, but in others one cannot get even this, and subsists meekly on fruit-drinks.

Twelfth Night, it seemed to me, was bad. The *décor* was lovely, there was the best Duke Orsino that I have ever seen, but the mistake had been made of ignoring Shakespeare's exquisitely

balanced scheme of the play, and lumping all the Sir Toby-Sir Andrew-Maria-Malvolio clowning scenes together in the middle of the play into an hour or so of pure knockabout. For the English part of the audience this was overdone and boring. It is only fair to say that the play has had a long run and is rapturously appreciated by Russians. Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, and the rest of the comics came out surprisingly English and Elizabethan. I have a theory that the English and the Russian character is remarkably alike. I have known English country houses—such as the French would call " typically English "—that might have come straight out of the pages of Chekhov. Dickens has always been appreciated by the Russians as a novelist, while the French and the Germans have never been able to " see " him at all. An adaptation of *The Cricket on the Hearth* has run for countless performances, spread over twenty years, in Russia. Chekhov and the names of the great Russian novelists are almost household words in England.

September 9th.—Rubinstein, the literary assistant to Tairoff at the Kamerny Theatre, has been to breakfast with me three mornings running. He is a man who has a passion for foreigners, and almost everyone who has come to Moscow in the last few years has had kindnesses done to them by him. Last winter I spent the evenings of a whole week in the Director's box at the Kamerny Theatre, entertained to tea and little cakes by him and Tairoff between the intervals of every play. The Kamerny is the link between Russia and the outside world. It has produced translations of all the more famous English, European, and American plays. Rubinstein has told me how it was founded twenty years ago, in 1914. He himself was the comparatively rich man of the period, and the project was originated in his flat. It was started as a commune, Tairoff, and his wife, the actress Alice Koonen, and the waiter in the bar, all taking the same salary of fifty roubles a month. In the beginning, in Tsarist days, they were accused of being very revolutionary in their choice of plays (Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* was particularly censured) and had many difficulties. After the Revolution, they " had full houses always "—as I have no difficulty in believing, having seen them with my own eyes.

Their particular part in the Festival was to give their latest

play, the *Optimistic Tragedy*. As it is fairly typical of at least two other important post-Revolutionary plays, *Lubov Yarovaia* at the Maly Theatre, and *Intervention* at the Vachtangov (also included in the Festival programme), it is worth describing in some detail. It is a play of the Civil War and counter-Revolutionary period—that long, ghastly and ultimately triumphant war which began about the time our own was ending, and dragged on from 1918 to 1922. A communist commissar, who happens to be a girl, is sent down from the Central Committee to reorganize a Marine brigade that is disaffected, and to lead them against the Interventionist forces. She does this with success, in the face of opposition, and is killed in the moment of victory. The " optimism " of the tragedy is that she dies knowing that the Revolutionary forces are winning. The incidents of the story would be flatly incredible—if they did not happen to be paralleled, not by one incident, but by several in the Civil War, when battalions of Revolutionary soldiers were commanded by women. Tairoff, the producer, worked for a year on the production, blending the acting, the orchestra, the battle-pieces, the character-drawing, and his most original and inventive staging into a harmonious and impressive whole. Alice Koonen does a grand job of work in the principal part. I am not in a position to say much about a play on a slightly similar theme, *Lubov Yarovaia*, at the Maly, for the theatre was so intolerably hot (summer nights in Moscow can be far hotter than London) that I came out half way through. *Intervention* is another very inventive and brilliantly staged piece, again on a Civil War theme, at the Vachtangov. In all these three instances the Russian theatre starts out with propagandist aims—but, owing to the peculiar composition of the Russian soul, ends up with fine pieces of balanced artistry.

September 10th.—The First Moscow Arts Theatre gives the final performance of the Festival. It was announced to be Gorki's recent play, *Igor Buluchev*, but Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro* was substituted at the last moment because a leading actor was unwell. Ideally it should have been Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. The first Moscow Arts Theatre is Chekhov's own theatre, created originally to stage his plays (it still bears a symbolic white seagull upon its curtain), and is directed by

Stanislavsky, Chekhov's finest producer. A large body of English people have now come to love, admire and understand Chekhov. I had the pleasure of meeting Madame Olga Knipper-Chekhova, Chekhov's widow, and the original creator of Madame Ravevsky in *The Cherry Orchard*, an almost legendary figure for English people, but a very vital and active one still in the First Moscow Art Theatre. She told me that Chekhov had always said that he was for Russian people only, that he never thought he would have the least chance of being understood abroad. It was a very considerable pleasure again to be able to tell her of the recent season at the Old Vic.; how *The Cherry Orchard* had been staged for a short run, how it had proved extraordinarily popular among the large heterogeneous audiences of the Old Vic., and had succeeded in almost playing Shakespeare off the stage of his own theatre.

The Marriage of Figaro was a wonderful production well worth the solid year of labour that Stanislavsky, his collaborators, his musicians, his company and his crowd of supers (especially the latter, each one of whom is an actor of talent) had spent upon it. The First Moscow Arts Theatre has incomparably the finest company of naturalistic actors in the world. And that, neither more nor less, is the final word to be said on the matter.

* * *

Conclusion.—The theatre in Moscow is conditioned by three things: a vivid Russian artistic imagination, that moulds itself instinctively into theatrical form; official State support (coupled with considerable liberty) to all theatres; and immense popular approval. I have remarked that theatres are always full. It is true. For many of the theatres people wait in queues to book seats many days in advance. It is this continuous support, *whatever* is in the bill, that allows theatre-directors to achieve their unhurried brilliance of production. They can take six months over each play, knowing that their theatre will never be empty in the meantime. If they want it, they can take nine months or a year. And the results justify it.

"HIGH SOCIETY" IN NANKING

By Ignatius Phayre

"ARMIES", says the Chinese maxim "are easily raised, yet a Leader is hard to find". It is different now. Leaders come and go like night and day in our executive Yuans. We only yawn when told that Ching has ousted Chang as our wizard of Finance, or that Wong has wangled Wing out of Foreign Affairs. What does it matter in the monstrous human ant-heap we call China? The editor of the *Shun Pao* gives us 483,000,000 souls; and in this lot he grieves over 119,000,000 who are "non-producers", or parasitical folk of the urban areas.

But is he fair to Nanking? She is trying to change her long spell of ill-luck and blossom out as a Wonder-City. This will take time, of course, and loans, or taxes. In her "modern" day (before Columbus was born) this town had the Five Pearls of Good Augury to look after it. They swung aloft on Yung-lo's Porcelain Pagoda, far above the lanterns and bells of that "Token-of-Gratitude" to an illustrious mother. Pearl No. 1 poured the floods somewhere else; No. 2 put out frequent fires. The third laid the dust—that curse of our town! The fourth kept away storms, and the fifth was a charm for political "disturbance". These Pearls of Price did their job well enough while the Ming Emperors were here in Nanking. But when Yung-lo left for Pekin, woe and decay set in. To crown all, the Taiping rebels smashed and burned our *thirteen*-gated town. Bad luck was the death of us.

Yet now we arise once more as a Metropolis.

It is true we are still in a constructive mess. But the clean-up is drastic: moral and material, political, financial, and so on. Only the other day, as it seems, our sprawling city of Nanking —a city of 700,000, mark you!—had no sewage system, no decent water-supply, no power-plant; no *ma-loos*, or "horse-roads", beyond the Chung Shan causeway that led from our Port up to Sun Yat Sen's gorgeous mausoleum on Purple Mountain.

We were still a town of shacks ; still down and out, with not a friend in sight but our eternal Yang-tze River. Diplomats would now and then blow in by air on our summer dust-clouds. Soon they'd be down with malaria. " To think", I heard one of these victims moan, " that a People who could build the cyclopean Great Wall, two hundred years before Christ, never learned how to lay a sanitary drain or instal a bathroom ! "

Let him land here now and see what we've done and planned. Especially planned (with a full heart and an empty Treasury) ever since the Kuomintang decreed that : " the Sovereignty of the Republic is vested in the People as a whole".

Of course, the People know nothing of this. Out there in our endless Asia they live and die like flies, as they sing :—

> We rise at dawn,
> And rest at sunset.
> We dig walls and drink,
> We till fields and eat :
> What is the power of the Great to us ?

We of Nanking feel they must be informed by our Superior Persons. Look at the People's Palace we've just raised here, on a hillock facing the Ming Tombs. It is a modest Palace of yellow brick and glazed tiles of true " Kuomintang blue". Anybody may go in and see the Chairman of China's (more or less) " National " Government. The design combines East and West. You drive out of what's left of our walls and bowl over a lovely motor road, cambered and surfaced by a kindly American oil concern.

Our Mansion of Democracy cost $100,000. Its host is Lin Sen ; and he's a bachelor—as if to stress the social revolution. Hitherto a man or woman who went unwed was classed among the *I-pei-tze-jen*, or heartless persons of " one generation " who flouted the gods, looked only to Self, and neglected the sacred calls of Family.

From his wide verandahs, Lin Sen looks out upon Purple Mountain (which is now a People's Park), on the pagoda-crowned War Memorial, and the National Stadium of sports and games, where I have seen 2,500 athletes of both sexes cavorting before an awed and staggered throng. Or, when wearied with cares of state, China's Chief can go off to our new " country club "

for a round of golf. To a Minister of Foreign Affairs is this foreign affair due. It would cheer official Nanking, he felt. It might even lure the Legation staffs away from a stone-cold Peking and a too lively Shanghai.

This is a superior town ; and it owes much to our great Chiang Kai-shek in his brief and spasmodic decrees. No smoking in the Army. No hectic night-life ; no *mah-jong*, or gambling of any sort. And sumptuary laws for the ladies—not alone in Our Town, but as far as ever the National Government could reach. That is not far.

Chiang decreed for our women " a gown that comes down to the ankle". Sleeves were to be to the elbow ; stockings always worn. Skirt openings, or slits on both sides, to be unprovocative, and not to extend above the knee. A conservative neck line was insisted upon. Hair was to be combed backwards. No coiffure to be more than neck-long, and fringes strictly forbidden.

For a time China's reformer had fervid supporters in the supporters in the Provinces. Thus in Honan, General Han Fu-chu set his face against the buying of concubines—even where a wife had produced no heirs, and the Family tradition was in danger. One rich man who paid $6,000 for a third extra bride, got three years in gaol for his social enterprise. A War-Lord of Shantung, on the other hand, had fifteen concubines in his lively home, and fresh " presents " from underlings were adding to a very expensive " collection".

Chiang Kai-shek was shocked at these things. " One of the main goals of our Revolution", he told us, " was to end the evils of the old Mandarinate, which was a fount of corruption and lethargy. We of to-day are not an old-time Yamen ; we are a Popular Government". He recalled to our minds what a Manchu Yamen of the Imperial regime was like. On an opium-bed the mandarin lolled in his brocades and jewels, plotting how to fleece the People. A commoner who craved audience was given thirty strokes on the back, to get him into a proper soul (and body) state for so awesome an interview. This sort of thing—General Chiang was glad to say—belonged to the Past.

Edicts he fairly rained on us here in Nanking. Everybody praised them—and nobody obeyed. This was very awkward. Our Soldier wanted hustle and met only languor. With our

New Year (by the lunar calendar) came a holiday " bust " that lasted from two days to ten. Chiang abolished this : then he made a round of the Government bureaux to see the result. It was shocking !

Our Generalissimo told us what he saw in a speech at the usual weekly service of homage to Sun Yat Sen—" the George Washington of modern China." Only the Ministry of the Interior did our Boss find at work. " All the rest, though apparently open, were empty. How deplorable that even Government officials should be so hidebound by custom. And if *they* act thus, can we blame the Common People for a lack of interest in Progress ? "

All these strivings furnish table-talk in the Best Houses of Nanking, where charming ladies give dinners and receptions that are a delight. Incongruity and surprises are in store for the Western guest at every turn. These do, indeed, reveal a China " in transition", though where the transit will land her no living man can with certainty say.

Admiral Sir Howard Kelly, England's late C.-in-C. in our troubled and piratical waters, saw our present immensity as " three great military zones". That same sailor found *three* Chinese navies—" all brought up on British lines . . . They had no war-material of any sort on board ; but perhaps that was all for the best". We welcome news from these foreign observers ; for here in Nanking there are aspects of our own Chinese world which are as remote from us as Lhasa's is from London.

The other day I dined in a noble old *yamen* that had been modernized. Its bath and dressing-rooms equalled the most lavish you could find in Park Lane or Park Avenue. For all that, the mansion remained " Chinese", with big cedar-wood roof-beams exposed, and paper windows that shed a religious light. Five generations dwelt here in a patriarchal family of twenty-nine members.

The dining-room was enormous, with many round tables and chairs in the Chippendale style. Here and there stood long tablets with ethical texts from the Sages in red scrolls on a black lacquer ground. One of these laid stress upon the sharp contrast of Chinese life with splendour here, and squalor there : " The more filthy and ragged are his sedan-bearers, the more glorious does the Golden Chair itself appear, and the Great Master who is seated within its curtains."

My host and hostess stood in a big salon among a gay and happy crowd. All were in conventional evening dress. Some of the men were singing drowsily to the slow twang of a two-stringed *hu-ch'in*, and the pan-pipe, which, they say, can only be played by the " pure in heart". A few of the girls and women sipped yellow wine of Shao-hsing from handleless cups of fragile porcelain. Everybody present spoke at least some English. The fluent, even colloquial, " American " of many of them promised me an amusing evening.

" It is a farmhouse feast that we offer", the Minister announced as we trooped in. And so it was. A thick savoury soup was followed by great dishes of ducks and chickens, and bowls of fried bird-livers. Fresh-water shrimps with mushrooms came next. A salad of water-chestnuts and chillies ; rissoles of country sausage, and a pudding of walnuts and dates. I liked the millet-bread, and the brandy (*kiao-lang*) made from the same grain.

Of course, we talked of Nanking, the super-city of China's Future. When were those promised state and public palaces to rear their shining heads among us ? When would those oft-talked of spacious avenues and motor speedways pace beside the ancient Tombs ? Had we not already a new and magnificent railway station, with swift *trains-de-luxe* to the skyscrapers and go-downs of Shanghai, with a halt at voluptuous Hangchow and its Western Lake, by whose waters and age-old temples China's *jeunesse dorée* fritter away frivolous and amorous hours.

Over dinner we discussed these things in a detached one or two. But light-heartedness gave place to a true Roman *gravitas* when we spoke of Nanking's slums, swarming as they were with that *timor nocturnus*—the loathly bed-bug. A moon-faced girl in flame-coloured crêpe-de-chine, who sat opposite me (she had graduated from Mount Holyoke, Mass.), talked at us like a sanitary inspector. " Our hot summers", she grieved, " breed *Cimex lectularius* in their swarming billions. There's no real remedy for them but hydrocyanic acid gas. And that's dangerous stuff, only to be used by experts".

An official of the Salt Gabelle told funny tales of the new metric system which our Government decreed in the Customs service. The *picul* of 133 lb., we were told, is now taboo. A metric *picul* is much lighter ; so crafty tricks were played with the salt-taxes

in some of the Provinces where " military upkeep " came before any interest of the Common People. In one case, salt cost ten times the price of rice.

What did this matter to our well-fed company in this noble Nanking salon ? We were like diners in Mayfair discussing the vast locust-swarms of East Central Africa. One of my fellow-guests was an opium millionaire. Only a few hours from Nanking you could see in spring the rolling plains he owned, densely carpeted with white velvet poppy-blossoms—surely the loveliest sight in all wide Asia. Yet it was in Our Town that Total Abolition was decreed—just as Total Prohibition was " put over " on the United States, and with precisely the same results.

Here in Nanking did our Government set up a solemn " Opium Suppression Committee". Provincial bureaux began " enforcement "—only gradually to backslide into " bootlegging", and at last to become the headquarters of a new opium-traffic run by " the military". It is not so long since our own virtuous Province (Kiang-si) saw fit to farm out the monopoly—with Chekiang thrown in—for the tidy revenue of $15,500,000 a year. Honan yielded $10,000,000 ; Hunan twice as much ; Kwantung about $12,000,000. Even Sze-chuan's budget counted on $9,000,000 from taxes on smokers and opium lamps alone.

Can you wonder we laughed over dinner at the Moral Uplift programme of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek ? He may well invoke Heaven's aid in shaping an effective Control Yuan for all China. His " New Life Movement " made table talk for weeks in our Best Houses. It worked in slogan-greetings : " Do not spit ! " " Cleanliness prevents sickness." " Avoid wine, women and gambling." " Courtesy-Honesty-Duty." " No bribery for officials." " Our Army must be the Protector of the People " etc.

Taking each of these as a text, our guests told stories *à propos* that kept the tables in shouts and shrillings of glee. The old Chinese piety has left our Superior People. They tell you with pride about wireless towers on the Holy Mountain of Taishan, in Shantung, whither for ages devout monarchs and prelates have gone to worship the gods.

On Sunrise Peak the weather-prophets are now installed. Aircraft-services, the radio and Hollywood's unlaundered " hot-

stuff "—all these are superimposed upon the China of Marco Polo and the Three (impossible) Principles of Sun Yat Sen : racial unity, popular sovereignty, and the people's livelihood—which last is nobody's business. New China is, in fact, in a mess ; and the wits of our modish salons make the most of it with the caustic humour of Mencius himself.

Most amazing of all were the girls and women sitting beside me : they were magistrates, doctors, diplomats, secretaries, and society *flaneuses* who smoke scented cigarettes and talk well in two or three European languages. " Woman obeys the instructions of men", says old Confucius. These women appeared to rule their men on ultra-American lines. They reminded us that the Emperor himself gave the Great Ceremony of three kneelings and nine *ko-tows* to the Woman who was his mother.

" It is our due", murmurs the young girl whose hair is arranged as Antoine of Paris ordains. Betrothals of such as she are no longer in the hands of the *Mei jen*, casters of horoscopes. No young widow of this rank aspires to those *P'ai-lous*, or Honorary Gates of Heaven, which their forbears erected when a second marriage offer was rejected, and chastity chosen unto death. How they laugh at such foolishness to-day, and repeat the high school slogan : *Ta-tao mi-hsin*—Down with all these Superstitions !

The two Soong sisters (one is Madame Chiang Kai-shek) are among the handsome and gifted " moderns " of Nanking's *beau monde*. As Finance Minister, their able brother fell under a cloud when the U.S. Wheat and Cotton Loan was floated. Then Warlords and regional magnates far and near kept Our Town buzzing with demands for a share of the new elusive coin. Mr. T. V. Soong hoped to " convert " that Loan into $189,000,000 of Chinese money. Somehow it dwindled away into a mere $43,000,000. Even for this grist, the unregenerate " bakers " of all-China whipped in collective pleas that topped a thousand millions.

To juggle with public money here in Nanking is a searing job : one of our wags likened its Minister to a nudist chased over barbed wire fences by a herd of bulls. But then all our Leaders are harried and goaded ; so that foreign reference-books are always out of date in naming them. When our Foreign Office was

thought to be too " easy " with Japan, a bunch of students bearded the great Chiang himself in the vast *yamen* of our Kuomintang —that shadowy Congress of all-China's " intensive development". Chiang refused to see them, and that made trouble. The young censors were burning to hit something and somebody. They hit our Foreign Office and made a shocking wreck of it. Then they dragged out the venerable Tsai Yuan-pei, the President of our Control Bureau, and with him Chen Ming-shu, Chairman of the Kwan-tung Government. Both of these statesmen were badly mauled before our model police could pull them out of that corrective *mêlée*.

To our social *élite* these matters are " conversation-pieces", and no more. We love a good talker : man or woman, who can broach an entertaining theme and give us all a chance to shine. Anyone of renown in his own line is a welcome guest ; even the " King of Actors "—Mei Lan-Fang—whose wealth and culture (and American tour) have made him a lion at smart functions and a *raconteur* of pungent drollery. Lan-Fang receives the dizzy fee of $400 (silver) for each performance.

Another and vastly different artist at our festive boards is Yao Hsin-nung, the expert on Chinese farming and economics. You should hear him expound how a rural family screws a living out of half an acre ; in spite of floods and plagues, droughts, civil wars, hailstorms, frosts, locusts, earthquakes, bandits, and the tax-men who come with guns and bombs and side-arms to grab what they can.

I have heard Mr. Yao acclaimed in every circle he frequents. He almost defends the daring Communists of Fukien against the highbrow, but bankrupt, Executive Committee which we have here in Nanking. " To the People " (as Yao puts it with passion) " what is the difference between a Government ' in the red ' and the Reds in government ? Rural China totters to collapse. Our toiling hordes want only a breathing-spell of non-torment. They have no enthusiasm for anti-Red campaigns ; for they know these mean more taxes, loans, exile, killings, and havoc. Two-and-twenty years of ' Reform ' have made our peasants ready for anybody's rule—Moscow's, Tokyo's—or Tibet's ".

We greet these sallies with " Bravos " and hand-claps, and table-thumpings. We warn Yao Hsin-nung that he's going the

way of Sun Yat Sen, to be cursed as a " serpent," and given a Pharaoh-tomb—when he's dead.

Soon we call a halt to Yao's flights before he becomes a bore. He's offered a cocktail and dispatched to join the ladies in the little theatre of the house. Here, late at night, we are given the " Dream of the Red Chamber". This is an uplifting piece. " Of what good is a play "—the old moralists ask—" unless it improves the tone of society ? "

Personally, I can't make head or tail of the show. A Taoist wonder-tale, I'm told : the true *p'i-huang* music-drama, with crashing brass and flutes ; the scraping of two-string fiddles, and actors whose faces are weirdly daubed with cobalt blue and scarlet or chrome. At the end, our four stars prance off, reciting in turn : " Man may deceive, but Heaven does not ! " " Every action hath its due reward ! "

With eerie " Ha ha's ! " and flourishes of their silken sleeves, our actors vanish—to appear again (I was told) in Mrs. Tay-yu's splendid home " on the fifteenth of the Eighth Moon".

NEW SCHOOLS FOR OLD

By George Godwin

WHEN Sanderson transformed Oundle from a school of merely local reputation into one of international significance and repute, he did, perhaps, a greater thing than he knew. In a word, he challenged for the first time an educational system that may be traced back with merely minor changes to the days of William de Wykeham. The great schools had received a certain heritage from the past, but, unmindful of the parable of the talents, they did no more than preserve it, so that education became completely dominated by tradition and consequently resistant to new ideas, higher ideals.

Sanderson began by radically modifying the old clerical curriculum, with its day-long imposition of passivity on the part of the pupil, and, enunciating certain propositions, proceeded to act upon them. "It is the duty and the service of school", he said, "to give free scope for the growth of the creative instincts. The function of the school is to liberate the creative faculties".

If Sanderson's ideas seem less disconcerting today than they did when he first put them into practice it is because there has been sufficient time for their application on a considerable scale, and for further advances along the path first trod by him. That so obvious a proposition as that quoted could ever have needed stating shows how out of keeping with modern thought our great schools had become; that it was, only a few years ago, regarded as revolutionary reveals the rate at which we have travelled since the beginning of this century. For, after all, this gardener of budding minds and souls merely asserted that if you would have a fine flowering plant you must provide it with good soil wherein to grow.

Do the traditional Public Schools provide any such soil? They may claim to do so, but their claim is one hard to support with evidence. They inculcate a habit of life, but no philosophy

of it ; they loose on to the world men with an arbitrary code imposed from without and owing nothing to self-discovery. They produce, in the words of Sir Richard Livingstone, " men better at getting out of difficulties than at avoiding getting into them ". People commonly get into difficulties by reason of their own stupidity, through inability to think clearly and through lack of foresight. These limitations are not inherent in the English character, as many foreigners suppose, but are the inevitable result of an obsolete approach to education, the attitude that deprecates individuality in the taught. " The business of a school ", said Dr. Cyril Norwood, " is to work and to get on with its life, without bothering about whys and wherefores, and abstract justice and the democratic principle ". That is not the viewpoint of the modern educationalist, for he sees education as primarily " bothering about whys and wherefores " and the ethical issues of justice and democracy. In other words, the stimulation of a wholesome curiosity and alertness of mind is regarded as of more importance than preparation for examinations and the supine acceptance of a ready-made code.

Nothing could be further from the facts than the idea that those schools which have adopted, or are in process of adopting, the new methods are revolutionary in character, in the ordinary sense of that word : they are so only in relation to the system they supersede. In writing of these new schools, however, it should be said at the outset that they do not all conform to a single pattern ; for while it is true that they are moving in one general direction, the paths followed are not identical.* To say that is merely to observe that they are fluid and vital. There are some that put into practice the Dalton Plan in its entirety, those that adopt some modified form of it, and those that do without it altogether. What unites the new schools is a common aim, a shared ideal, which is, in a word, that the function of education is the drawing forth from each individual of his maximum on the mental, emotional, and physical sides. It is preparation for life in the world beyond the school, not for the world only as it is, but for the world as it might be, for the world as we would have it.

To possess the vision is one thing : to implement it another ; and scepticism towards the New Education has been one, and

* *Modern Schools Handbook.* Gollancz.

not the least of those obstacles to be overcome. The idealist is always suspect. He is seen as a dreamer whose aspirations are not for a hard and unregenerate world. It is fair, then, to ask: What have these modern educationalists achieved, since after the idea must come the act whereby the value of the idea must be judged?

There are today in England twenty-one large schools of the Public School or preparatory type that have adopted new methods. There are, in addition, more than a hundred secondary and elementary schools that are reorganizing on the new lines. In these schools the old classroom method of instruction, with its demand for a passive attention, is replaced by the "subject laboratory", each with its specialist master, library, or appropriate apparatus. Marks and the competitive class system are abolished; in place of them are the Group, each member of which receives work in assignments for periods varying from a week to a school month of twenty days.

The attitude of the school to the pupil might fairly be put thus. You are to be given facilities to learn. Every day, for a few hours, you will receive instruction. Some subjects you must learn because they are indispensable to you; others you may choose for yourself. As you are a sensible being, you are going to be allowed to organize your own time and work. To help you, however, you will be given an assignment of work, and that work you must do, if you can, in the time allotted to it. Every day you will have several hours when you can work "on your own". These hours, of course, you will give to those subjects in which you know you are weak; you will work on them, naturally, in the appropriate "subject laboratory" because there you will have at hand a master who will help you if you get stuck, the books you need or, in the case of science, the necessary apparatus. You will find that you can do your assignment in some subjects in a shorter period than that allotted by the time-table, and this will leave you free to put in extra time on your weak work.

This is what the new schools refer to as liberty conditioned by responsibility. In practice—and that is all that matters—it has been found to work, not merely just to "function", but to work beyond the expectations of those who first decided that

boys and girls in their 'teens are reasonable beings to be treated as such.

"As a boy progresses through the school", says Mr. J. G. Jeffreys, of Ottershaw College, "the time spent by him in class work becomes less, that spent in working by himself longer. The plan is really nothing but the application to schools of the English university tutorial system, with such modifications as are necessary for boys. The emphasis is shifted from being taught to learning, the will of the learner is enlisted and the element of compulsion is eliminated. It is necessary to impose authority only when it is resisted, and it is our experience that boys taught on the new system seldom slack, unless troubled by some emotional problem of adolescence that can often be discovered and dealt with on psychological lines".

It is, indeed, the uniform testimony of the heads of the new schools that slacking as a problem has ceased to exist, and with its disappearance has gone the problem of discipline.

Corporal punishment has been abolished for a number of reasons. Says Mr. J. G. Jeffreys: "We have dispensed with the cane because it is regarded as a lazy form of punishment. With us punishment, which is seldom necessary, takes the form of righting a wrong done, or in making good wanton damage, or in some form of work for the common good." Similar views are held by Mr. T. F. Coade, of Bryanston. The head master of Dartington Hall School shares these views. "I have yet to meet", he has written, "anyone familiar with schools who is prepared to deny the proposition that in schools where punishment is habitual it is the same children who are habitually punished. . . Punishment as a mere deterrent is not education." And, stating his reasons for discarding corporal punishment (if, which one may doubt, he ever used it) Mr. W. B. Curry says: "The association of sexual pleasure with the infliction of corporal punishment has long been known to psychologists. . . . I do not believe that anyone who has ever been in a school where it is at all common can seriously deny that a great many masters and prefects enjoy the infliction of corporal punishment."*

At Abbotsholme, Mr. C. H. C. Sharp comes to the problem with the same scientific approach. "Curative disciplinary

* *The School.* By W. B. Curry. The Bodley Head.

training", he has said, "often has emotional states to correct. . . . One boy, when he first arrived, had recurrent bursts of rage and aggression. The moral treatment given was that when he first injured another boy, he was made to attend when the cut was stitched and dressed, and was given enough isolation to mark the seriousness of the event and to help him realize the inevitable consequences, social and physical. The physical treatment was a diet designed to reduce the over-activity of the suprarenal gland . . . the cure was successful and permanent."

This recognition of a physical cause as a factor in the manifestation of anti-social conduct may well come with a shock of surprise to men familiarised by years of habit to the cane as the final answer to wrongdoing. Yet how can the sound sense of such treatment be denied? It can be no more challenged than the recognition of the psychological factors as causes of wrongdoing. That a bad act may be the expression of a good quality misapplied may sound novel to ears attuned to traditional teaching, but it is a commonplace of the new education. Mr. W. B. Curry cites an interesting case that well illustrates what is here meant. It concerns a boy, Frank, with a strongly developed sense of power and something of a bully. Frank began to bully a new boy, a "sissie", with others of his set. The thing had to be stopped and was, in fact, stopped by employing the very quality involved in the wrongdoing for its undoing. Frank, asked whether he had sufficient influence over the others to stop the bullying, desired nothing better than to display his power and promptly did so, but this time on the side of good.

A standard of conduct that is achieved by a discipline based on fear of punishment is seen to be useless, for such conduct is maintained only so long as the sanctions are applied and with their removal collapses. Such results have no value beyond the convenience they bring to those in control, and this is necessarily so since they bring about no change of heart. The truth that all authentic discipline is self-imposed is a cardinal tenet among the new educators.

If one writes that the aim of these schools is towards a synthesis of the activities of daily life, in both work and play, the statement has a cold and academic air, and may be easily dismissed as no

more than a phrase. Here, then, is a concrete example that may make clear just what is meant. It touches one of the many activities of the boys of Bembridge, and is described by the head master, Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse.

" A group of boys", he writes, " undertook the study of various aspects of the district of which the school is the centre. Its history in Roman times was studied by one boy, its bird life by another, its literature by another, its geology by another. Regular meetings were held to discuss the results, and ultimately the collected papers were published by the Oxford University Press ". Such work, in the opinion of the present writer, is real education. The boy who has been able to link up Roman history with the view from his bedroom window is likely to be in a happier position than the boy who studies classroom Latin for nine years and thereafter never looks at a Latin author again.

The modern schools have grasped a simple truth : it is that their task is to prepare boys for life in a world of change, a world in which there is no security, a world in which the values accepted by their fathers are being questioned in every department of human activity. It is because this is so that in many of these schools expeditions are arranged with the object of letting the boys see the social and economic and industrial condition of the country as it is. They are sent off for a week to look at a Welsh mining village ; they are allowed to see how a mass-production factory turns out a cheap car. They are taken abroad to see how other folk live ; they go to symphony concerts, to art galleries, and lectures by speakers of eminence. They are encouraged to debate on topics of modern sociology, not academically and with one eye on authority, but with complete frankness of expression.

In the older schools that still adhere to the traditional clerical education any form of manual work is still suspect. Carpentry is generally an " extra subject ", and the provision for the practice of the handicrafts non-existent. In these schools few opportunities exist for the boy to acquire manual skill, and music and the arts are only for the few. Thus latent impulses of a creative kind inevitably atrophy, stifled both by lack of outlet and a public opinion indifferent or hostile to their cultivation. That there are many boys with a latent impulse to create is evidenced by the

reaction of the average boy to a sympathetic environment and facilities for experiment. " Every boy ", says the head master of Bembridge, " is taught the use of tools . . . it has been found that the practice of manual activity has a definite influence upon the intellectual development of the boy ". When it is remembered that our first contacts with the external world were manual contacts, and that from infant experiment we proceeded to the manipulation of play material, thus acquiring both knowledge and skill, the part played by the hand in the development of the mind is not only obvious but scientifically proven. Yet in the traditional schools this approach to the intelligence is almost completely neglected.

Obviously, any school to survive must bring itself into line with scholastic requirements and examination standards. A boy might conceivably be provided with a first-class grounding and yet be quite unequal to the requirements of the school certificate, matriculation or first professional examinations. How, then, do the new schools compare with the old in the examination room? The answer is one that should be pondered by those who still remain to be convinced that there may be something better than an educational system devised for children of the fourteenth century. Boys educated on the lines of the Dalton Plan and variants or modifications of it, pass, without difficulty, all these examinations usually a full year younger than boys taking them from the old traditional schools.

Yet in one essential these schools may be regarded not so much as a break with the past as a cast back to original intentions that have produced results little foreseen by the mind that initiated the clerical system. For the motto of William de Wykeham was " Manners makyth man ". This, alas, is too often interpreted to mean that it is of supreme importance to conform in such vital matters as a buttoned or unbuttoned waistcoat button, a correct accent, a high regard for what is " done " or " not done ". But manners, as everybody knows, here mean *morals*. Now it is the moral approach that colours the daily life of the new schools, and that may well be the explanation of their free and happy atmosphere.

PRIVATE WAR

By Gerald Bullett

THE military camp was situated within a mile or two of Marseilles, and on that crisp December morning in 1915 it had an air almost of gaiety. The sky had never been so blue before, nor the sun so bright. The tented city of men shone with morning glory, and the grass—such of it as had survived the tramp of booted feet coming and going—yielded a more vivid green to every eye. Hardly one among this large pilgrim population, two or three thousand troops of various units, of mixed social grades, and from all parts of Britain, could resist the glad infection of the sunlight. They went to and fro on their lawful military occasions ; they set out their kit for inspection, or sat about polishing tunic-buttons and cap-badges with lavish applications of the pink paste they call Soldiers' Friend ; and the delight of a new freedom was in their hearts. This freedom, a strictly comparative freedom, was for some an accomplished fact, for others an imminent event. The oldest inhabitants, who had been there for perhaps as long as ten days, looked forward to their release from camp to the adventure of a long sea-voyage, the sight of a strange land, and so to action. Their destinies were arranged for them by remote military powers ; they had abdicated the control of their lives and existed only to obey orders ; but every change in routine had the effect, while the novelty lasted, of a release from mechanical boredom. The newcomers, who had travelled across France herded together in cattle-trucks for four days, were enjoying that sensation now : even parades, company drill, and fatigues varying from the " cushy " to the merely squalid, even these were agreeable after the confinement of that long inglorious journey. It mattered nothing to them that they did not know, from hour to hour, when the order to move on might not be given ; for

they had all been soldiers long enough to have learned, unconsciously, the folly of looking before and after, the wisdom of living in the present and disregarding the moment beyond unless it held a very definite prospect of better things.

Among those who were permitting themselves the pleasures of anticipation, having had enough of this large sky-domed waiting-room, was Stephen Northcott, one of a draft of forty-seven wireless operators bound for an unknown eastern destination. It might be Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt: no one knew, except, presumably, the dark dapper little subaltern, by name Ecclestone, who, assisted (or was it commanded?) by Sergeant-Major Brown, was in charge of the draft. Northcott, with his widowed father and a succession of elderly female housekeepers, had lived for the greater part of his life in one or other of the south-eastern suburbs of London. He had had the advantages of a grammar-school education and a non-conformist upbringing. At seventeen, having expressed a desultory ambition to be an engineer, he had been promptly hustled into a junior branch of the Civil Service and became a clerk in spite of himself, with nothing outwardly to distinguish him from his fellow clerks except a working knowledge of the Morse Code. With reasonable luck he would live to see his twenty-fourth birthday; but it was very far from certain, for the event was six weeks away, and six weeks allowed plenty of time to be killed, buried, and forgotten in. Sedentary and unenterprising by temperament, he was also unsanguine and deeply indisposed for violent adventure. He had a strong bias in favour of living, and quite failed to see the war in the rich romantic colouring of the recruiting posters; but the probability of an early death was something he had made up his mind to, and it no longer bothered him except in the darkness of the subconscious. He and his present comrades had been trained for work in the batteries, their function being to maintain unbroken communication between the artillery and the observing aeroplanes. It was not the danger but the responsibility of the office that secretly daunted Northcott: at the battery he would be alone, in a dreadful solitude, the one wireless operator among men who knew nothing of his craft. This was not precisely true, for the operators were posted in pairs, one senior, one junior;

but it was how it presented itself to Northcott's imagination, which persisted in envisaging a situation in which the fate of hundreds besides himself would depend on his skill and resource. He profoundly distrusted his capacity for efficient action : he was studious and contemplative, and inclined to despise himself for the fact ; inclined, too, to compensate for his self-scorn by despising the merely practical people, the men of action, who took so kindly to army life. Nevertheless, he was as sick of the tedium of passing examinations in efficiency as were his forty-six fellow-mechanics, and like them he longed to be allowed to embrace the danger that awaited him and get on with the war.

With this impatient thought in mind, he squatted in front of the tent he shared with nineteen other men (it had been designed, in the piping times of peace, for the accommodation of perhaps nine) and busied himself with button-stick and polishing rag. Morning parade was over and done with : the moment was his own. His tent-mates, all but one, were scattered, engaged in various fatigues. He had somehow been left free, and so had his friend Meadows, a man several years his senior, who in civil life had been a postman.

" Give us a spot of the old Friend ", said Meadows, helping himself from Northcott's tin without waiting for an answer. " You coming down town tonight ? "

" If you like ", agreed Northcott.

" Push the boat out once more before we die ", said Meadows facetiously. " We'll be off soon now, I fancy."

" Really ? " Northcott's tone was ironical. " What makes you fancy that ? "

" Well, we've been here long enough, haven't we ? "

" The wish is father to the thought, eh ? No evidence ? "

" All right, your holiness ", returned Meadows cheerfully. " Have it your own way. We're stuck here for duration, if that's what you want."

" Not what *I* want ", said Northcott. " But now Ecclestone's gone sick, there's no knowing what may happen."

" Ecclestone ? If you mean his royal highness Second Lieutenant Ecclestone, ex-barber to the Queen of Sheba, say so, my lad. Don't speak so disrespectful of your betters."

Northcott would not respond to this sally. He enjoyed the

friendship of men like Meadows well enough, but he smarted under the necessity of paying formal deference to the commissioned ranks and could not joke about it except with bitterness. " If they send him to hospital, what does our lot do then ? " he inquired with gloomy foreboding.

" Ah ", said Meadows, " that's asking. We can't go to the wars without little Eccles to wipe our noses for us, and see as we shave, and tuck us up at nights. Perhaps they'll make military policemen of us and keep us here. Suit me A1, that would ".

Northcott did not answer. Glancing up from his button-polishing, he had caught sight of a young officer sauntering down the lines towards him. He stared intently for a moment, then looked down again into his lap.

" Who comes here ? " said Meadows, following his glance. " Is it the Orderly Officer ? "

Northcott made no sign of having heard the question. He kept his eyes down and conjured hatred into his heart. The steps came on. A shadow fell across Northcott, and stayed. The feet had stopped. Get out of the daylight, curse you !

" I say, hullo ! " said a voice.

Northcott heard a click of heels as Meadows sprang to attention. It was no longer possible to sham blindness. He got to his feet just as the officer was acknowledging Meadows' salute and saying, in a deprecating voice : " Oh, stand easy, do."

Stand easy, is it ? thought Northcott, with an angry sneer. He was now as bitterly resolved to stand to attention as formerly he had been to evade that ceremony.

" Hullo, Northcott ", said the officer, holding out his hand. " What a bit of luck running across you ! " He ignored his friend's stiff military bearing, which, because he suddenly felt foolish, Northcott was forced to abandon. He shook hands, making a brief confused reply, and wishing that he had not been surprised in his shirt-sleeves. He felt that the sartorial sleekness of Lieutenant Cranleigh put him, Northcott, at a gross disadvantage. He bristled with resentment at the notion of being patronized by this young jack-in-office. Stand easy indeed ! The sight of the two shining stars on each shoulder, symbols of rank, infuriated him. But instinct warned him not to make a fool of himself by any display of his feelings ; and not instinct

alone, for the inclination to quarrel was already weakening in the face of Cranleigh's ingenuous amiability, though the secret flame burned as clearly as ever. How like him, thought Northcott, to be so unconscious of any awkwardness in this meeting. Always cheerful, always obtuse.

" Well, how are you getting on ? " said Cranleigh, breaking a silence of whose quality he alone seemed unaware.

" Oh, well enough." Northcott had picked up his tunic and was getting into it. " How are you ? "

" I'd heard you were on the way out east ", went on Cranleigh. " But I never imagined we'd meet."

" You heard ? " Northcott's curiosity got the better of him.

" Yes. Olive told me in a letter. I got it this very morning. A dashed funny coincidence I call that. Olive Sanderson ", he explained, noticing and misinterpreting the darkness in Northcott's eyes. " You remember her ? But, of course you do."

Northcott smiled. The cheek of the fellow ! The fantastic cheek ! The duplicity ! Or was it innocence ? Was it possible that Olive—— ?

" Yes, I remember her ", he said coolly. He did not add that he had a bundle of six-months'-old letters of hers sewn in the lining of his tunic.

Cranleigh seemed to suffer a moment of bashfulness. " I said Olive Sanderson. But . . . I expect you heard . . . we're married now, you know."

" Really ? " said Northcott. " No, I hadn't heard." He was acting now, with himself as appreciative audience. He admired his own calmness : it was the only satisfaction left to him and he must make the most of it.

" Yes, five weeks ago ", said Cranleigh. " On my draft leave." As if suddenly made aware of Northcott's unresponsiveness he added : " You did know we were engaged, didn't you ? "

Why must he go on and on about it, thought Northcott savagely. He longed to strike that shyly smiling face ; to strike it, to reduce it to pulp. The knowledge of Olive's betrothal had been with him, like a knife in the bowels, for precisely half a year ; but betrothal was one thing, marriage another. " I believe I did hear something ", he admitted airily. He would show this self-satisfied young bridegroom how little important he really was.

" And I say ", said Cranleigh exuberantly, " are you by any chance a wireless operator ? Of course you are. And are you one of a draft of forty-seven ? Because if so, I've got the job of looking after your lot, my dear fellow, in place of a chap called Ecclestone. The late Lieutenant Ecclestone ".

" What's that, sir ? " Meadows came into the conversation. " Do you mean to say Mr. Ecclestone's been and died ? "

Cranleigh, turning to the questioner, almost blushed. " No, no. Sorry. Damned silly thing to say. No, he's gone to hospital, that's all. Pretty bad too. What I meant was, he's not on in this act. *Hors de combat*, don't you know. Well, so long, Northcott. Wish I could ask you up to the Mess. Roll on, peace, say I."

" And so say all of us, sir ! " said Meadows.

When Cranleigh had left them, Northcott came out of his sick dream to find Meadows looking at him with a new interest.

" Decent sort of bloke, isn't he, Norky ? " he asked reflectively. And scenting a mystery he added : " Why didn't you get a commission yourself, chum ? Then you could have gone to the Officers' Mess with your pal."

A note of wistfulness in his tone caught Northcott's attention. He had been knocking about with Meadows now for some months. They had met at the Wireless Depot and done much of their training together.

" Rot ! " he said, garnishing his matter with a few soldierly oaths to make it seem more homely. " I'd much rather come and get tight with you in Marseilles."

" Bloody old liar ! " retorted Meadows.

The pleasure in his eyes was good to see.

II

Cranleigh was a fellow you couldn't help liking : that had always been the general verdict. At school he had had many friends and no enemies. Northcott had been among the many ; but he had also been one of the few, the inner circle. Unself-conscious, perfectly at ease, ingenuously pleased with himself and with the world he had been born into, Cranleigh did everything he attempted a little better than other people did. Or at

least he did everything with a touch of style that made it more than acceptable. He had grace and charm, and these wings carried him lightly wherever he wished to go. Northcott and another sixth-form boy had been associated with him in running the inevitable school magazine : not the official organ with its stilted facetiousness and its prim accounts of cricket events and scholastic triumphs, but an altogether more lively affair, printed from handwriting by a laborious hectograph process, and sold, to the tune of about fifty copies a week, at a penny a copy. A cheerfully libellous publication, full of real or invented biographical details that set everybody in the upper school laughing at everybody else. Northcott and Marshall did nine-tenths of the work, but Cranleigh always contrived with a touch here and there to make it his own, and all the good things were attributed to him whether he had written them or not, even—such was his curious enchantment — though they happened to appear over the initials of one of his collaborators. This was perhaps galling to the authors' vanity, but it saved their skins ; for the school would have resented the more scandalous of the quips from anyone but Cranleigh. He, as they say, could steal a horse with impunity, while Northcott would have been lynched for looking over a gate. Such at least was Northcott's private version of the situation.

For Northcott, even at school, had begun to perceive that if Cranleigh had a fault (which few would admit) it was his habit of success. Looking back, after he had become a clerk in the service of His Majesty's Commissioners for Something or Other, it seemed to him that he had spent too much of his later school-life playing second fiddle to Cranleigh. It was Cranleigh who had got first into the Eleven, and became its captain ; Cranleigh who beat him by a short head in the final examinations ; Cranleigh who won the Oxford scholarship and had three years' dalliance with learning at the University while Northcott was pushing a pen in an office. Northcott had always managed to do, outwardly, " the sporting thing " : his congratulations had been prompt and not ungenuine. But this series of reverses had reconciled him to the fact that circumstances would make it difficult to keep in close touch with Cranleigh. On the last day of their last term they said good-bye with heartiness, perhaps

with regret, but with no intention, on Northcott's part at least, of renewing the friendship later on. It was not that he was meanly envious of Cranleigh, or grudged him his good time : it was simply that Cranleigh's monotonous success in everything he attempted sharpened his sense of his own failure, encouraged his deep-seated habit of self-mistrust. Even so it was an instinct, and no conscious plan, that made him withdraw from Cranleigh's orbit.

Cranleigh, however, had the trick of turning up when he was least expected. He had turned up, after an interval of four years, in a letter from Olive Sanderson.

Northcott's first sight of Olive had been in the street—one of those tantalizing chance encounters which leave a small but indelible mark on the mind of a man starving for romantic adventure. Nothing like her, he thought, had ever appeared before in the streets of Sydenham. But what could he do ? He could do nothing. He could only dream, and grow hot and flushed with dreaming, cherish wild hopes. In the violence of his longing, nothing seemed more improbable than that he should ever see her again. But the improbable happened, and finally, after limitless contriving and numerous defeats, he met her socially : no impossible achievement, though it had seemed so to him, since, living with her grandmother, being recently orphaned, she had a fixed address in Sydenham no less than he, and acquaintances with whom he made it his business to become acquainted too.

There followed an awkward suburban courting, though the awkwardness, he knew, was all on his side. Having little social experience, and no confidence in himself where women were concerned, his manners were uneasy. His speeches were laboured and clumsy : he knew them to be so, and the knowledge aggravated the disease. He believed that she must find him dull and repellent, and he was prudishly afraid to let her know that her presence, her voice, her way of looking and moving, filled him with torment and intoxication. He was incapable of uttering the one impulsive word, of making the simple unstudied gesture, that would have declared his heart to her ; for with the impulse came the fear, the frustrating self-mistrust, and made him dumb and wooden. And so, week after week, unable either to advance or retire, he escorted her to theatres and concerts,

walked sedately with her in parks, and called her timidly by her first name. He tortured himself with sidelong glances at her soft creamy skin, her dark eyes, her mouth. She was indolently graceful, like a lovely cat; in repose her face had a hint of sullenness, almost of petulance; and it was precisely this, he thought, this languor and petulance, that so deeply excited him.

The end came, and a new world was born, on an evening in the December of 1914. They sat in a first-class railway carriage, on their way back from the theatre.

"I joined up yesterday", said Northcott abruptly.

She looked at him, a little startled, and was silent for a moment. Then she asked: "When will you have to go?"

"Next week."

"Will you get a leave before you go abroad?"

"Can't say. They're in the deuce of a hurry. But I expect so."

She seemed to brood on this answer. "I suppose then", she remarked at length, exasperatingly cool, "we're not likely to meet again".

Bitterly, thinking her indifferent, he answered: "Not for a long time."

"Well, that's that." Her voice sounded curiously deflated. "Why didn't you get a commission, Stephen?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I? Plenty of better men without." Better men: he meant what he said. He was afraid of the responsibility of commanding men.

"It's just like you, not to try", she complained. "You're so . . ."

He waited. "So what?"

"So *slow*", she said.

He flushed, miserably silent, recognizing the truth of the indictment.

"Stephen, can't you *do* anything about it?"

In a harsh, strained voice he answered: "About a commission? Why? What does it matter?"

She touched his hand. They looked at each other, giving question for question. Then she smiled rather piteously. "You *are* silly, aren't you?" she said.

That first kiss transfigured him. He was a new man, the king of creation. He saw Olive every day of the few days that re-

mained, and if she had liked him before for his dogged attendance and dumb sincerity, she was entranced, it seemed, by the happiness she had now created in him. He was gay, witty, self-confident, and frankly adoring. The day before he was to put on khaki she embraced him with a lingering and tragic emphasis ; and his brief leave, before going overseas, was an unbearable bliss, snatched in the shadow of an all-too-probable doom.

It was five months after that final parting that Cranleigh made his first appearance in her letters. And a few weeks later she mentioned him again. " I hope you won't mind too dreadfully, Stephen dear, but I've promised to marry Jim Cranleigh. I feel rather awful about telling you, but there it is. I hope it needn't spoil our friendship." Northcott did not answer this letter. He added it to his bundle with no sign of the death that was in him. Even his mind was speechless for a moment, and when words came at last it was Cranleigh, not Olive, that he cursed. From that moment he had cherished murder in his heart. On the whole it was less painful than love, now that love was condemned to go hungry.

III

" We're off, boys ! " said Meadows happily. " On parade, our lot, with full kit. And quick bloody march ! "

So the forty-seven wireless operators fell in, numbered by the right, formed fours, right turned, and quick marched to the port of embarkation, with Lieutenant Cranleigh, handsome and debonair, at their head. Northcott looked and hated ; hated the happiness, the self-reliance, the easy air of command, the well-cut uniform ; hated, above all, the memories that he knew must be lying, awake or sleeping, in the quick brain and sunlit heart of this man who was Olive's husband. He took an ugly pleasure, the pleasure of self-torture, in surmising the precise form of those memories ; and his hand sought and caressed the smooth holster which carried his service revolver. For perhaps three days this Cranleigh had lived with Olive as her husband. Would he survive to commit that outrage again ? No, said Northcott. He won't. He shan't. Something must happen to put a stop to it. It's not right. It's not to be borne. But what could he

do ? (The recurring question !) He could not get at Cranleigh, and he could not possess himself of Olive. He was bound hand and foot. He was a mere parcel of blood and bones, picked up, put down, sent to this place and that, by the machinery of the army. The sense of his impotence maddened him. His only comfort lay in the possession of a revolver, and he began scheming how he might load the weapon without anyone's seeing him. This comfort went with him into the ship.

" What's wrong with old Northcott ? " Meadows got sick of trying to answer this question. He himself watched his friend with a maternal anxiety. " Fretting, that's what it is. Fretting." But he kept his thoughts to himself. Sometimes, made suddenly aware of this watchful affection, Northcott would behave with studied normality ; but there was a gleam in his eye that Meadows didn't like the look of. This gleam was perhaps the outward sign of that inexorable fixed idea which kept him unceasingly aware of Cranleigh's presence somewhere on board. He saw him in the flesh not more than three or four times a day, but the foul thought of him was always present. Even the hideous discomfort (for the rank and file) of life on an overcrowded troopship, even the rough passage through the Gulf of Lyons, even the cookhouse fatigue that fell to his lot while he was still weak with seasickness, even these things failed to shift his mind from its fixed point. They spent Christmas Day, and five days besides, anchored off Malta, and were served out with currant duff to mark the season, and had each a dixieful of thin rancid porridge for breakfast. Sitting, below decks, at the tables at which they ate their meals and on which many of them slept (for lack of roof space to swing another hammock), Northcott's companions spent their leisure hours in playing Cooncan or Patience, swapping stories, talking of civilian life, and singing bawdy songs ; and Northcott would sit among them, pretending to read, pretending to write letters, pretending to join in the fun, and with maniacal persistence brooding on his revenge.

That revenge, after a long amorphous career, was at last beginning to take definite shape in his mind. But there were still details to be arranged, and the precious time was running out : once this voyage was ended the chance might be gone for ever. And though he could think of nothing but Cranleigh and revenge,

he found it difficult, even now, to concentrate his mind on any one plan. The idea of Cranleigh dead was as soothing as a vision of paradise, and he felt that if he himself survived his victim by so much as half a minute, that would be long enough in which to taste the pleasure of fulfilment. But to the problem of precisely how the thing was to be done he shrank from applying himself. Sometimes he felt that it was beyond him to do anything decisive. I'm not the right kind, he thought, with bitter self-despising (and yet Olive had seemed to love him !). But at other times instinct told him that he was wise to wait for the inspiration of the moment. The chance would come, and with it the grand, overmastering impulse. It might come any day now, at any moment.

Every day, sometimes two or three times a day, the ship's alarm was rung, the bugler sounded the *Fall in !* and fifteen-hundred troops paraded on their several decks to do raft-drill. The parade-ground of the forty-seven wireless operators was the port side of the after deck, at the extreme end of the ship. Here, every morning, their faces towards the sea, they paraded with life-belts, to be called to attention by Lieutenant Cranleigh, to answer the roll-call read by Sergeant-Major Brown, and to go through the ceremony of lowering the rafts over the side. And every morning, under Cranleigh's now keen and purposive eye, they improved by a few seconds on yesterday's time. Cranleigh stood by, watch in hand, saying at intervals " Smartly, men ! Smartly now ! " with a briskness that no one resented except Northcott. The thought of enemy submarines was in the background of everyone's consciousness, but it hardly amounted to a definite anxiety, for the three Japanese destroyers that formed their escort, lithe, grey shapes moving in triangular formation with the troopship safe in the centre, had an air of efficiency that was a great comfort to the nervous and timid. Cranleigh had already made himself popular with the men. Of course, he *would*, thought Northcott sourly. Northcott could not seriously entertain the notion of shooting his enemy on parade. He was prepared to face a court-martial and even a firing-squad, but the idea of being manhandled by his own comrades daunted him. This was a point of sentiment rather than physical fear. On the whole he liked these fellows, especially Meadows. To

be disowned and cast out by them was a contingency he shrank from.

On the seventeenth day after embarkation, Egypt was sighted. It was rumoured that they would reach harbour before evening. If he was to act, he must act quickly. If he failed to act he must resign himself to live haunted for ever by this maddening sense of defeat, frustration, impotence. He told himself that death would be better than that. He hung about the troops' quarters shut in with his thoughts. His loneliness was absolute. He stood biting his nails, furtively glancing this way and that. " What's wrong, chum ? " said someone. " Feeling queer, are you ? " He stared at the questioner and walked away. And suddenly a buzz of excitement filled the ship. The order had been given that the men were to get down into the hold and retrieve their kitbags. In an hour or two they would be ashore. It appeared, too, that the ship had now passed out of dangerous waters ; for two of the escorting destroyers had vanished, leaving their charge to the nominal protection of the one that remained. For some while the ship made no perceptible advance towards land, but moved round and round in great circles, waiting, it was surmised, for instructions from the harbour-master who was presumably directing them by wireless from the mainland, that picture pencilled on the horizon. The morning was fair. The air, to these Englishmen, was miraculously warm for December. It was like one of the first days of England's April, with winter and spring in the act of taking leave of each other. The men went to and fro seeing to their affairs, getting their kit in order ; those who had completed that task sat about talking, reading, playing the game called House, or scribbling letters. All were looking forward to release from the cramped confinement of this weary meandering voyage across the Mediterranean.

Northcott's party sat and sprawled in the space allotted to them below decks. An unwonted serenity and contentment reigned among them ; and if there was rather less than the usual amount of laughter, that was because the approaching end of the voyage had set many of them thinking of England and home, and wondering what the next chapter of their war would be like.

Meadows came and stood at Northcott's elbow, hoping that the prospect of shore would have relieved his sick mind

"Shan't be sorry to say good-bye to this old barge. What do *you* say, Norky?"

There was a sudden, tearing, metallic sound deep down in the sunken heart of the ship. She bumped three times, as though descending a series of iron steps; and then was still. Her engines had stopped beating. There was a moment of shocked silence: then with the sound of hurrying feet the suspended life of men resumed its motion. Reaching by force of habit for their caps, the soldiers crowded toward the hatch, those at the back moving slowly, with necks craned forward, like people eager to get into a theatre. As Northcott, following and followed, went up the stairs towards the strong sunlight, he became aware of shouts below him that were louder than the murmur of those many voices, louder even than his own surprise; and glancing over the handrope into the great well that went down into the hold he saw a frantic, gesticulating figure about twenty feet below. Balked at the last stage of his upward journey, he was yelling for the ladder to be replaced. The men stared down at him with dull, dazed faces, and he stopped yelling and with demon energy came leaping and climbing upwards like a cat. Northcott was carried on with the crowd. The ship's alarm was now clanging, and when it ceased for a moment the tale was taken up by a bugle sounding the *Fall in*. It was all very much like the daily routine, but with a difference, and the difference made everything curiously unreal, like a vivid impossible dream.

Up the steps, then up again, on to the after-deck. Northcott looked about him, at the ship, the sea, the faces. There was no visible sign of damage to the ship, except that she now lay aslant in the water. She did not seem to be sinking, but doom was in the air. The sea moved with a large inexorable rhythm, an interminable series of leaping white-capped hills and sleek green valleys. Northcott noticed with surprise that every face he looked at was drained of colour. Sturgess, a slight, flaxen-haired, excitable child of eighteen who had a trick of looking half his age. Haddon, dark-haired, plump with complacency, the son of a chemist in Bristol. A lean melancholy-looking railway-clerk known as Scratchit, his name being Hichens. Runditt, the noisy man, the jolly man, the rather tedious wag of the party. And Pewsey who carried in his kit five different kinds of anti-

louse ointment. Their demeanour was controlled, almost normal; but the flesh of every face was of the same dead putty-colour. They stood about, waiting for the rest of the party, and for orders. In every part of the ship a similar scene was being enacted. The ship's signaller climbed to his high station and stood like a straight rod, his arms working with a swift mechanical action. The man's face was white and expressionless. Looking at him, Northcott felt pride leap in his belly. The challenge of this moment gave him a kind of gladness.

" There's a minesweeper over there ", remarked Meadows at his elbow.

Northcott glanced at his friend. " May as well have a cigarette while we wait." He held out the opened packet.

Meadows stared for a second, as if puzzled. " Don't think I'll smoke just now." Meadows had a wife and one child. They lived in a dingy street near Tottenham Court Road. No garden. But the tulips did a treat in window-boxes, given a bit of care. The wife was a country-bred girl : he had met her during a day's charabanc excursion to Dorking.

Cranleigh ran up, buttoning the neck of his tunic. " That's right, chaps. We just carry on as usual. Fall in. Dress by the right. Party, t'chun ! "

They came to attention with exemplary smartness. But it was no longer easy to stand upright : the ship was listing heavily to larboard. Elsewhere, boats were being lowered : they pushed off, loaded with women of the V.A.D. As the last boat was launched a shout was raised amidships, and two medical orderlies emerged from the hospital-room bearing a sick man between them. The patient was lowered into the boat and received by the nurses. The orderlies stood back and the boat moved away.

The forty-seven saw little enough of this incident. It reached them by the wildfire of rumour and hearsay. With eyes turned to Cranleigh, they waited. The ship's captain, a tall black-bearded figure on the bridge, lifted a megaphone to his lips and spoke in easy level tones. " Carry on, men ! " said Cranleigh sharply. The posture of the ship was now too perilous to be politely ignored, even in the interests of discipline. The six rafts were lowered, and the men, pitched forward by the slanting

deck, had to hold the rail to prevent themselves following head-first. And now the men stationed on the starboard side came swarming over the deck. Cranleigh faced them with a revolver in his hand. "Get back! Get back!" They hesitated, puzzled: then struggled back to their own place and began grappling with the task of launching their own rafts over the vast convex of the ship's starboard side.

The men of Northcott's party were already going overboard, some going down the ropes, some in their impatience jumping (though the distance was still formidable). Meadows, standing by the rail, had assumed command of the situation so far as one raft was concerned. "Come along, boys. Non-swimmers first." One by one they went down, the non-swimmers. The first rafts were already drifting away. Two boats from the mine-sweeping trawler were tossing towards them from what seemed a remote distance. "Come along, sir", said Meadows, addressing Cranleigh. "You next."

"I can swim", answered Cranleigh, standing his ground. "Look lively, chaps. It's every man for himself now." He seemed half-angered by the men's heroic docility.

Northcott thoughtfully unwound his puttees, took off his boots, and emptied the pockets of his tunic, which, by some freak of impulse, he did not discard. Paybook, small French dictionary, matches, cigarettes, two pencils, letters ready for posting, letters received from home. It seemed somehow untidy to leave these things lying on the deck, and on an after-thought he picked up the paybook and put it back in his pocket. He stood idly, at a loss, waiting his turn; yet vigilant, under this seeming carelessness, with the instinct to save himself. The thought that in ten minutes he might be dead presented itself without really engaging his imagination. Though he waited in a kind of dream, he was more intensely alive than he had ever been before. The world was unspeakably vivid. The sensation of being alive was a strong clear flame. Every detail presented to his eye was sharp and bright, with the brightness of a new creation. The sea, scattered with small black specks, rafts, boats, the bodies of men swimming, floating, drowning, was a picture crudely melodramatic, like certain glossy pictures that had decorated the kitchen wall at home in his early childhood. Some hundreds of men had already

reached and boarded the escorting destroyer: her low, long deck was crowded with them, thick as flies. It was a scene too terrible for pity, too incredible for fear. And running in Northcott's blood was a strange exultation, the exultation of self-command, of being master of the merely animal terror that lived in him.

It came to him now that the ship, so far as he could see, was all but empty of men. Of his party only four or five remained to be shepherded over the side by Meadows and Cranleigh, who were still at their chosen posts. The ship shuddered under him. She stumbled, throwing him off his precarious balance. He was pitched on to his hands and knees. But the slant of the deck was now less marked, and he recovered his feet again. His eye, quick with urgency, noticed a near-by rope dangling from the rail. He glanced over the side. The rope was still attached to an empty raft, bumping against the vessel with every wave. He climbed over, gripping the rope; loosened his grip and slid swiftly down. The rope was like a rod of fire in his hands. He gasped as the water rushed up to engulf him, but he dared not stay with the raft, for he despaired of being able to cut it loose before the ship sank.

The world was now a green heaving water, and for a moment, until he found that he was swimming, he was in deadly fear. At a little distance was another raft, to whose sides a dozen or so men were clinging. Northcott struck out towards it, but a wave larger than usual flung him out of his course, changed his direction; and out of the tail of his eye he saw the ship once more. Her bows were now all but submerged, and at her stern that raft still drifted, empty of men. Near it was another, to which a solitary man was clinging. He thought this man was Cranleigh, and wondered what had become of Meadows. He began swimming back towards the ship, carried on by the swell. He shouted to Cranleigh to let go and come away, and at that moment he saw that Cranleigh was struggling, with bare hands, to get at the rope by which his raft was made fast to the ship. Where was Meadows? An expert swimmer, Meadows. Perhaps he had dived in. If so he could be trusted to take care of himself. The sight of Cranleigh hopelessly struggling with that rope excited no thought in Northcott. He was empty of thought.

Without thought he contrived to assure himself that he still carried a jack-knife in the pocket of his breeches. Without surprise he heard an explosion amidships and saw smoke and flame gush from the funnels. The air became full of flying fragments. They fell into the sea, and presently baby-faced Sturgess came by, riding the waves on a mahogany door : the boy was laughing and singing, apparently in the highest spirits. There were others in more desperate straits : unable to believe in the efficacy of the lifebelts they wore, they were in process of struggling to their deaths.

Northcott kept his face towards Cranleigh's captive raft. He reached it. Cranleigh had given up his attempts on the rope. He had been hit by a flying spar and was at the end of his endurance. Clinging with one hand to the raft, Northcott tried to open the jack-knife with his teeth. After repeated failures, he thrust the knife in Cranleigh's face and said : " Hold the blade. Hold on." But that plan, too, was a failure, and finally he flung his body across the raft, at risk of capsizing it, and managed to get both hands to work. Too late, he thought. The ship began rearing up on her bows. He sawed madly at the now taut rope, as the raft, with themselves clinging to it, was lifted out of the water. It fell back with a splash, the men still blindly clinging, and still alive. The suction of the water drew them in under the stern, which now rose at an angle of forty-five degrees and for a moment remained poised above them. So this is the end, thought Northcott. He expected that vast hulk, big as a house to fall back upon him ; but nothing now could persuade him to unfasten his fingers from the two lateral loops by which he held on to the raft. He stared and stared upwards.

The ship above him was moving again ; swiftly, smoothly, with astonishing grace, she dived. The sea closed over her in a whirl that carried Northcott and his raft into suffocating darkness. Somewhere in that terrified flesh a spirit still lived, watchful and even a little curious. Under all the kicking and choking, or apart from it, was the odd idea of death, the wonder and the question of it.

To emerge into daylight again was like a new birth. To be alive was fantastic. Cranleigh, too, he was still there, still holding on. It dawned in Northcott's mind that he had saved Cranleigh's

life. He had held that life in his hands, to save or to destroy. It hardly mattered which he had chosen : enough that he had had power and had used it. Tossed about with this raft, and still uncertain of his fate, in this moment he experienced the ecstasy of self-fulfilment.

" What was that ? " spluttered Cranleigh. " By God, they've got her too ! "

They stared at the distant destroyer. Black smoke gushed from her funnels. Here and there a little figure, mere specks at this distance, dived from her crowded deck.

Five minutes later she snapped into two pieces, and went down with her burden of souls.

" Ahoy there ! " shouted Cranleigh. Northcott, following Cranleigh's glance, joined in the cry. A boat from the mine-sweeping trawler was tossing towards them.

IV

On their arrival at the quay, the survivors were turned loose in a large quayside warehouse containing a miscellaneous store of old clothing. With odds and ends from this store covering their nakedness, they were then packed into lorries, a motley crowd, and taken to a military camp a few miles inland. They were received as heroes and made much of by everyone. The old-timers of the camp deferred to them ; the canteen lavished luxuries upon them without money and without price. It was a time of unabashed emotionalism.

Northcott and some others spent what remained of the day witnessing the arrival of further lorry-loads from the quay. Although he had been among the last to leave the ship, many had remained to be rescued from the water after he had been picked up, and many others had remained not to be rescued. The arrival of lorry after lorry, the rapturous greeting not only of friends but of anyone whose face was familiar, was an almost unbearable joy. For the first time in his life Northcott saw rough-mannered hard-swearing men embrace each other ; and even he himself was moved to rush forward to shake the hand of Sergeant-Major Brown, whom he had always rather feared and

disliked. But after seeing the last load in, the spirit went out of him. He went to his tent and lay down.

The tent was full of men, among them a group of Fusiliers who had been in the camp many days. He heard the talk, feigning sleep, and wishing for it. On one drowned man a chain of dead lice had been found, ranged round the neck like a string of beads ; they had crawled up there to escape the water and had died in single file, with their host. A Veterinary Corps officer had dived seventeen times from the deck of the trawler and saved eleven lives. One man had thrown himself back into the sea after being restored by artificial respiration. There was no end to the stories, and the Fusiliers did not weary of hearing them. With his ear to the ground, Northcott heard the humming, numerous life of the whole camp.

A head was thrust into the tent. " Is Northcott in there ? "

" Hullo ", said Northcott. He raised himself on one elbow.

" It's only me ", said Cranleigh. " I've been looking for you, old chap. Are you all right ? "

" Yes, thanks."

" Got everything you want ? "

" Yes, thanks. Everything."

The other men stopped talking ; and the silence that ensued had a queer quality, as of suspense.

Cranleigh spoke again, in a voice unlike his own. " I shan't forget, you know." And after another pause he said, awkwardly : " Well . . . good night then."

" Good night ", said Northcott.

Cranleigh did not go, even then. He began saying something about seeing Northcott tomorrow, having a chat, keeping in touch. But Northcott no longer listened to him. He was thinking of other things. He was thinking of Meadows lying dead at the bottom of the sea, and of a window-box filled with tulips.

SHIPWRECK

G. I. Scott Moncrieff.

Above two hours she rode against the storm.
  Her engines stopped, she drifted, lifting her head.
Slower and slower as each breaker's form
  Surged from the depths and struck her ; weary and dead
She rose with broken hatches, finding rocks ahead.

She split with tremendous noises and went down,
  Echoing sound of steel on stone and splintering stave
For days across the bay, while storm seas, brown
  With earth from flooded rivers, white topped wave,
The last few spars and twisted girders lave.

Every dark tramp and every passing gypsy,
  Expressionless have come as each night lifted
Where the receding waves, a little tipsy,
  Bare in the sands the wreckage that has sifted ;
Humbly and broken, shorewards home has drifted.

The heavy-laden tramps in the grey light pass,
  Out on a reef the seagulls whirl and scream,
Swooping to pick at something in the widgeon grass :
  " One of they poor beggars ", the gypsy team
Conclude and dip below the furthest sand-dune seam.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

THERE has happily been a stay to the rush of sinister happenings in Europe ; yet few apprehensions are allayed. Since Germany remains the focal centre of disturbance, one may say that the vote on Herr Hitler's proposal of himself as President has been for Europe the most significant fact. Not many foreigners believed that four million Germans would be found to vote No ; and it is only right to say that the ballot must have been held with far more fairness than was anticipated, since nearly an eighth of the electorate felt free to express their mind against all that blaring and menacing propaganda. Respect is due to four million Germans who have civic courage. Yet the whole facts are not reassuring. Coming after the failure of the Austrian *coup*, this vote is a definite check to the Führer. He has had to renounce all aspirations towards the Polish corridor for a space of ten years, thus conceding to Poland the advantage of a quarter of a century's possession. At home, he has had to establish ascendancy in his own special organization by massacre of his intimates. He has failed in Austria, after an attempt that turned all civilized Europe against him. There remains the Saar. Can he afford to risk another rebuff there also ? For the result of the plebiscite in Germany itself makes it appear at least possible that, given undisturbed freedom to exercise their franchise, the people of the Saar may refuse to put themselves under Nazi rule. For my own part, I do not believe that any

Hitler and the Saar

territory, German or not German, in these days of nationalism, will voluntarily expatriate itself, even for a period of years : and if the Saar did so, it would keep a running sore open. Nevertheless, bad as that would be, it would be worse that a discontented nation should defy such law as there is between the nations of Europe ; and there is only too much evidence that Herr Hitler and his associates are seeking to deny to the people of the Saar that freedom of choice which has been offered them by Europe under the sanction of the League of Nations. Mr. Knox, head of the Commission of the Saar, has made plain to all his sense of the threat, and has asked for reinforcements to secure a free voting and to prevent any attempt to forestall the results of a vote. The worst that could happen would be that the League of Nations should prove unable to carry out its solemn undertakings at the very heart of Europe. For if that were so, the League must founder in universal contempt.

The Power of the League

People in the British Isles have been inclined to consider that the crucial test of the League's value was afforded by the progress of disarmament ; and since we are now faced with evidence that disarmament in any degree is not likely to take place, the same people are inclined to think all lost. Yet in truth, whether the nations disarm or no matters chiefly from the standpoint of sane economy ; the essential purpose of the League is elsewhere directed. The League of Nations was established to secure that, as between nation and nation, law and not force should prevail. Unless this object be earnestly pursued, the League is no more than a hypocrisy. It is admitted that in the South American dispute over a remote swamp the League's principles have been ignored by members of the League ; and that in the opinion of the League's official representatives, Japan also has disregarded them. Much emphasis is laid on these failures. Nobody stops to consider what would have happened even during the last two years if the League and the Covenant had not been accepted by the civilized European powers. Suppose Bismarck, commanding the strength that France and the Little

Entente between them held, had been faced by such an attitude n France as Germany has presented to its neighbours, does anyone doubt that Bismarck would have made a "preventive" war?

The Protection of Austria

Much more than lip-service has been rendered by the nations hat held their hand. The nearest thing to a threat of war has been Italy's move to the Austrian frontier, and it is deeply significant that nowhere in the Europe which stands for the League has that tep been condemned. There has been in fact assent, unmisakable even when tacit, to the principle that force may have to e used, by nations that signed the Covenant, to maintain the existence of law in Europe. Germany, ever since Hitler's dvent to power, has acted as if she had a right to disregard the lementary rights of Austria; and if one form of international awlessness is more mischievous than others, it is the fomenting y an outside power of disorder in a neighbour state. Its nevitable result is to force the State so assailed into a disregard f domestic law. Conspiracy and organized lawlessness within state are difficult to cope with by the ordinary processes of aw; when bomb-throwing and assassination become usual, he State for its own defence is driven to extreme measures. requently more severity is used than is necessary and invariably many innocent people suffer—as has probably been the case in Austria. But here in addition to the internal menace there has been the threat from outside: a great Power entering into conspiracy against the existence of a small one. And as so often happens, political assassination removed the man who had most ability to control the violence of repression. One thing s certain. Austria is Europe's ward, and it is recognized that taly, stepping forward to protect Austria, acted on behalf of Europe, though without express mandate. Whether it suited taly's policy and interest to do so, does not affect the merits of he case. Europe is rightly thankful.

The Saar is a smaller matter, but here the responsibility of Powers in the League is more clearly engaged, because the Saar has no strength for self-protection. It is to be hoped that if

the need for protection should arise, the steps to be taken not have been left to the impulse of the moment, nor to discretion of any single State.

Russia Enters the League

By that time, unless all the omens are misleading, the League of Nations will have gained an accession that goes far to weigh the withdrawal of Germany and Japan. Indeed, if Russia enters the League, it is easy to believe that Germany will stay in present voluntary retirement. Nobody supposes that the Soviet have been converted to the League's principles. Russia is entering the League because she finds it to her interest to do so, because it appears to give her a guarantee of what she needs most—peace. If that be Russia's conviction, who is justified in saying that the League has done nothing? Russia saw what the League has done. It has prevented perhaps half a dozen small wars, and perhaps one great one; and it has done this by establishing throughout Europe the conviction that to begin a war is treason against civilization.

M. Litvinov has already made it clear that he conceives of the League not as a mere platform for the utterance of views but as a body that can issue orders and make them obeyed. Russia's accession to the permanent Council will reinforce those elements in the League which seek to establish collective security. If this is taken as meaning a combination against Germany, that is only because Germany alone among the European nations avowedly regards war in the Fatherland's interest as a creditable undertaking. This, in the present temper of the world, is not an enviable reputation and, before many years, desire to avoid it will force Germany back into the League. Such dramatic shifting of the balance may be taken as a success for France. But it appears to me that once Russia's entry to the League is established, every good European will sleep more secure. And despite the protests which were made (especially by M. Motta for the Swiss delegation) it is fair to assume that Russia, having abandoned its attitude of hostility to the League, will accept the consequences, and abstain from subversive propaganda.

What the reactions in France may be, it is not easy to guess. sibly they may count to M. Doumergue's administration as a great achievement; and unquestionably many Frenchmen were impatient to see some outstanding result. "We have given him full wers, why does he not do something with them?" was a very mon cry—as if it were nothing to have carried the country ha the edge of financial collapse. What exactly should be ne, nobody seemed prepared to say. Yet some at least Tl lined to think that M. Tardieu had rendered a great public vice by his attack on M. Chautemps, although the moment td been ill-chosen. Presumably some others will say that a. Tardieu rendered service, without any need for qualifying pe statement. For M. Chautemps, it appears, is head and nt of the *Grand Orient*, and freemasonry in France is regarded a much the same light as Tammany in the United States. esumably its strength is like that of Tammany, in that its dherents loyally support one another in carrying out arrangements which other parties attempt to settle on a less comrehensive basis. It is not only one group in America that ants to make a profit out of politics; but the most influential always the one which shares the spoils most fairly. Whether ne moral tone of French public life would be raised by getting d of the freemasons is not certain. When Tammany has en cast down, other distributors of the spoils always took its lace.

The Spoils of Office

A more vital issue than the question who shall divide the oils now agitates America. The land of freedom is settling down to a fierce fight for that right to collective bargaining which England, governed in the main by men from Eton and Winchester, Oxford and ambridge, has long ago accepted. President Roosevelt has ade clear his personal and official recognition of the right as ssential to industrial order. But American employers are ow to see the light. If they pay wages higher than Europe ffers, they incline to hold that this exempts them from doing s European employers do—at least in those countries where ade unions are permitted to exist. It is true that the unions

Civil Strife in America

have obscured the main issue by a demand th
shall be paid for greatly reduced hours of wor:ps t
Mr. Roosevelt when he returns to the helm wome
decision on the vital principle, clear away the
Meanwhile, outsiders marvel at the coolness w
remained absent while difficulties accumula
continuous hold exercised by his personality on adin
public. Perhaps he foresaw that if he waited t go
Hoover would launch an attack, as Mr. Hoomar
the kind best calculated to rally support fc Lea
regarded with affection as well as with faith. y w
as one foreign onlooker, that I cannot formes t
Mr. Roosevelt's policy, and yet am aware. R
which he exercises. His courage is magni to
question he has established a personal asne
modern Europe shows no parallel. He i
who does not rely upon machine-guns or
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Internal excitements will divert the mir
States from world politics; yet America is
any European power to what
The United States navy wit
to the claim for a revisiona
Agreement so that the Japanese fleet shoulc
to that of the two greater naval powers. e
purpose in putting forward such a demand:
by a Western; but it sounds like a poli
that the Washington Agreement will not
And if not? Are the navies of the world t
each other with bold individual enterprise
to organize collective power? Japan's e
leads her to believe that collective
regarded as unrealizable because no lea
necessary sacrifice of sovereignty—leas
English-speaking powers. Meanwhile,
having become willing to sell her inte
crosses Manchuria, is on the point of
price—nominally with Manchukuo,

Pacific Affairs

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t of all, the two gre
it is reported that Russi
est in the railway whic
oming to terms about th
it after negotiation co

wicted openly by Japan. The inference is that Russia abandons ıml thought of aggressive war against Japan, since this was si ainly, if not uniquely, possible from Vladivostok as a base. le Tnce the railway passed into Japanese hands, would it be he ossible for Russia to hold Vladivostok in time of war? And t ı time of peace, would it be safe for her to keep a large force, ıen of aeroplanes at a point so exposed? The conclusion hat ems to be that Russia, regarding war with Japan as probable, is ıetermined that in such a war she shall have the moral advantage ıli being the attacked; and that she enters the League with the vipe of bringing it to pass that even on the limits of Asia aggres- td ın against any power in the League will meet with collective a.ɐt individual resistance. The way to peace seems to lie ɒee rough measures which will prove that even Japan cannot ɔweat the League as negligible.

ır m

Edmund Spenser

es It is pleasant to greet a work of historical scholarship informed dhe strong common sense and a culture which brings to the aen study of the past eyes wide open to the present. rel In editing Spenser's *View of the Present State* an *of Ireland*, Professor Renwick has, naturally, aeen first concerned to complete the student's knowledge of the ne ɔet as writer and as man; for this is the fourth volume in a ɔd eneral edition of Spenser's works.* One cannot hope to eeppreciate the *Faery Queene* without knowledge of the country lan which Spenser wrote and the events and personalities which re woven, however dimly, into that great tapestry; and here ve have Spenser's "view" of them written down explicitly in ɒnis stately prose. What is more material is that, so writing, the man implicitly reveals himself, both in his character as the subordinate administrator, sketching a policy of administration for a land where conquest is incomplete, and as the human being, with natural reactions towards the hard things that in his judgment needed to be done. Professor Renwick is naturally anxious to clear Spenser from the charge of ruthlessness; and, indeed, throughout the pamphlet-dialogue there is generally one humane voice speaking. Eudoxus and Irenæus, the imaginary speakers, are really two sides of one nature. Eudoxus is

* *Published by the Scholartis Press.*

Spenser the English humanist, who again and again starts away from the measures proposed by the Irish official; though it has to be admitted he invariably yields to the reasoning put forward by the man on the spot who, by a touch of irony that can hardly have been unconscious, is called "Irenæus",—the Peace-Lover. There is force in the editor's contention that Spenser in this tract, written probably during his stay in England about 1597, when he would be constantly questioned as to the course of affairs in Ireland (then critical enough), is expressing opinions upon problems both civil and military gathered by him from men in high command: that he is mouthpiece, reporter, publicist, rather than deviser of the "veiwe" which he signs. But whether as poet or as official he was the child of his time, and one passage at least makes plain that deeds of blood and fire had the full romantic appeal for him. Writing of the Irish Bards and the Eulogies which they composed, he gives an instance of how they praised a hero:

> "That he was none of those idle milkesopps that was brought up by the fyer side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valiant enterprises, that he did never eate his meate before he had wonne yt with his sworde, that he laye not slugginge all night in a Cabben under his mantle, but used commonlie to kepe others waking, to defend their lyves, and did light his candle at the flame of their howses, to lead him in the darkness; that the daye was his night and the night his daye, that he loved not to longe wooing of wenches to yeild to him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other mens love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his musicke was not the harpe nor layes of love, but the cryes of people and clashinge of armor, and that fynallie he died not bewayled but many wayle when he died, that dearely bought his death."

Is the humanist shocked by the substance of this laudation which he so voluptuously renders into the alliterative antitheses of Lyly's "euphuism"? Hear his comment:

> "Doe you not think Eudoxus that many of these praises might bee applyed to men of best desert, yet are they all yeilded to a most notable trator."

In short, the sentiments would be highly acceptable if they were applied to an Englishman; but praise of any Irishman in this "view" can only be preposterous, unless it be for the meekest submission; and then it should only be tendered with a reserve against the probability of a relapse. He regarded the race as incorrigible; "for the Irishe doe strongelie hate and abhorr all reformation and subjection to the englishe, by reason

that having bene once subdued by them, they were thrust out of theire possessions ". This does not appear altogether an unreasonable reason ; and if Spenser's " view " had been that greater security for their substance should be given to all the Queen's subjects, even Irish ears might have listened. But his conclusion is, more force ; " reformation must now bee with the strength of a greater power " ; and I cannot find that he proposed to leave much to the natives that was worth taking from them. The more unwarlike Irish had value to the land owners, as cultivators and mechanics. Spenser desired, in the sixteenth century, as Swift did in the eighteenth, to see some protection given to tenants against landlords. In the matter of religion, he desired to see better clergy ; but his opinion of those sent over from England was much the same as Swift's. An Irishman, and perhaps any but an Englishman, will incline to think that, if Ireland always presented to England a problem as tangled as it did to Spenser, the blame did not lie solely with the Irish. Yet it is plain that the vice of the administration was not in its continued harshness so much as in its continual discontinuity. Eudoxus and Irenæus, the Englishman who thinks in English terms of justice, and the Englishman who holds that those do not apply in Ireland, dictated policy, turn and turn about, from Spenser's day on to Mr. Lloyd George's. Since 1921 there has been a continuity of self-government for north and south, and rule has been shaped primarily with an eye to the interest of Ireland. We are beginning to be able to read Spenser on Irish politics dispassionately, and can observe that the Elizabethan Englishman anticipated Mr. de Valera in his dislike of what is now called " ranching ".

> " For this keping of cowes is of itself a very idle lyfe and a fytt nurserie for a thief. . . . And to say truth though Ireland bee by nature accounted a grate soyle of pasture, yet had I rather have fewer Cowes kept and men better mannered than to have such huge increase of Cattell and no increase of good Condycions. I would therefore wishe that there were some ordinance made amongst them that whatsoever kepeth 20 kine should kepe a ploughe goinge, for otherwise all men would fall to pasturage and none to husbandrie."

Would Spenser have welcomed the economic war ? Professor Renwick does not touch on this. But in his comments on the difficulty presented to England in Spenser's day by the Irish

custom of making chieftainship pass by election not by heritance, he observes excellently that " the closest modern parallel to the annals of the Four Masters is the recent history of Arabia ". That is real illustration. Again Spenser observes : " At the kyndlinge of the fyre and the lightinge of candles the Irish at this daye saye certain prayers " : Professor Renwick mentions Moira O'Neill's " Songs of the Glens of Antrim " :

> " Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all. An' *God be thanked,* she would say, *now we have a light.*"

The custom had gone out, as the song laments, when the rush-lights began to be forgotten. But I did not know that Spenser knew it.

Irish memory of him is not unkindly. The stump of Kilcolman Castle, the house from which he was burnt out (that fashion lasted longer than the grace for light), is still known as his ; its ruin will outlast perhaps by centuries the neighbouring ruins of Buttevant Barracks where many an Irish soldier and officer got their training for Flanders twenty years ago. But there are happier associations. Galtymore, on which he placed his imaginary Assembly of the Gods, will always dominate that fertile plain, the Golden Vein,—the only Irish mountain which rises from rich land. " Clear running water was always a delight to him ", and the Awbeg, his " Mola ", comes off the limestone soil, pellucid as an English chalk stream, yet cutting its way through rock so that its banks are often cliff-edged : and in one of the most beautiful gardens in Ireland, or in the world, it is made the central feature, lovely and flowing through loveliness. That gorge on the Awbeg must have been well known to the poet, if tradition keeps truth ; for a short way further down, this tributary joins the Blackwater close to an ancient abbey, and down the main stream is a famous and magnificent salmon pool. The right bank is a green " inch " or " haugh " as the Scots call it, half a mile long ; but the left is steep and wooded. From it spread, over the swirling rippling salmon-haunted water, wide branches of a giant tree—" Spenser's Oak ". What poet, what stream-lover, could ask a better memorial ?

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POLITICAL ECONOMICS

By Sir William Beveridge.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION, by Lionel Robbins. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Robbins has a great theme. The years from 1929 to 1933, the years of the Great Depression, in which, at its worst, about 30,000,000 persons were unemployed, in which manufacturing production shrunk by anything from 30 to 50 per cent. and world trade by more than 60 per cent., have had no parallel in the past; they are fraught with possibilities of incalculable change for the future. Those of us who, from 1914 to 1918, watched the economic and political structure of modern societies adapting itself for war and surviving, with so little outward change, so much destruction, were inclined to marvel at its strength. The Great Depression has come as a rude reminder that the secret havoc wrought in the foundations of our civilization by five years of war activity and war psychology, went deeper than we had dreamed; how deep we cannot to this day judge. The end is not yet. After the events of last year and this, no one can say to what further destruction of peace and freedom despair may drive this nation or that, what narrowing of ideals and shattering of hopes for human progress the next five years may bring.

Professor Robbins' theme is a great one. The highest praise that can be given to him—and very high praise is called for—is to say that, within the limits set by its size, his study is worthy of the theme. Its two hundred pages are packed with vivid description and lucid analysis; its forceful argument sweeps with disciplined, if sometimes breathless, speed to a frontal attack on almost all the contemporary policies of all governments. Whether in the last resort the argument is accepted or not, it cannot leave any reasonable mind unmoved.

In two opening chapters, Professor Robbins sets the Great Depression of 1929-1933 against its proper background of events since 1914, and disposes of the leading misconceptions as to its cause. "Fall of Prices," "Over-production," "Deflation," "Shortage of Gold," "Maldistribution of Gold," and other fallacies are neatly exploded in turn, by admirable combinations of theory and fact. Then comes the positive diagnosis. The Great Depression, like the lesser depressions of the trade cycle before the war, is the inevitable aftermath of a boom started by a credit inflation. The Great Depression is worse than any previous depression, partly because the inflation was greater than usual, but much more because the ensuing contraction has struck a weaker economic structure. "The effects of an earthquake are, in part, a function of the strength of the original shocks, in part a function of the strength of the buildings affected."

The original shock in this case began in America, when the Federal Reserve Board decided in 1927 to buy securities and cheapen money; the decision was described later by a member of the Board as "one of the most costly errors committed by it or any other banking system in the last 75 years." But this decision, on Professor Robbins' showing, was taken partly in response to requests

from London, to ease the situation there and to save the gold standard to which Britain had returned in 1925 at too high a parity. On this analysis the Great Depression is a child of the war; it was begun by a second mistake made in America, to cover up a first mistake made in Britain, in monetary reconstruction.

The weakening of the economic structure which has made depression so severe, has even more obviously the same parentage. Disappearance of an international monetary standard, economic nationalism with its fantastic brood of ever-rising tariffs, quotas, subsidies and exchange restrictions, rigid wages, state-aided monopolies, price-controls and "restrictionism," can all be traced to the war, or to habits acquired in war.

Professor Robbins, however, is concerned less with the origin of these policies than with their consequences; he is writing an essay in applied economics, not a pamphlet against war. Demonstration that monopolies, price controls and all the fashionable forms of State intervention in economic affairs are in fact a weakening of the structure and increase the destructiveness of the trade cycle which they cannot stop, is the hard core of his essay. Forcible as his argument is, it is here that one most wishes that he had taken another thirty or even fifty pages to do justice to the issue and support his unpopular analysis as fully as elsewhere by appeal to facts; perhaps he is waiting for President Roosevelt to give him the facts in telling form for a later edition. For here is the battle's heart. Professor Robbins is opposed to central planning on the Russian model, which supersedes the price mechanism entirely. But his main target in this essay is not the unpopular Russian model; it is all the highly fashionable forms of state support to monopoly or price control in particular industries, which are not planning but syndicalism. His essay is at bottom an exposure of the danger of mixing inconsistent policies of freedom and control, of retaining the price mechanism in theory and not letting it work in practice, of driving an engine with a safety-valve and sitting on the valve whenever it seems to be wasting steam.

His own resulting prescription for our disorders is, on the one hand, "restoration of an international gold standard, managed with a view to preserving inter-local equilibrium, and avoiding the development of booms," and, on the other hand, "a more or less complete reversal of contemporary tendencies of governmental regulation of enterprise." Those who do not like the prescription of reversal must now consider how far they are prepared to go in the direction of central planning, and what that calls for in political institutions.

This is the importance of Professor Robbins' argument for everybody. He has set forth some of the economic consequences of the war in a book so well written that all can read it with pleasure. In theme, lucidity and tone, as in its passionate challenge to prevailing ways of thought and action, it recalls inevitably the famous book from which, fifteen years ago, the world learnt some of the consequences of the peace. Professor Robbins deserves an audience as wide as fell to the lot of Mr. Keynes.

"TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL"

IN BOOK FORM

Details of which will follow in the

November Issue

LORD SNOWDEN

By E. H. Carr.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Viscount Snowden of Ickornshaw. Vol. I. *Ivor Nicholson & Watson.* 21*s.*

The post-war generation knows Philip Snowden as the biting critic of Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition and of the Conservative Governments which followed it; as the Labour Chancellor who, by methods of strict financial orthodoxy, defended the Exchequer against marauding colleagues; as the stiff and unyielding negotiator whose pertinacity, at the Hague Reparations Conference, won a popular but Pyrrhic victory whose gains soon melted away in the general economic collapse; and, finally, as the lonely elder statesman, whose acid criticism has earned him the enmity both of his old Labour colleagues and of the National Government whom (once more in the interests of financial orthodoxy) he had helped to place in power. Those who have been privileged to come into personal contact with him have reason to know the self-sacrificing kindliness and innate charm of his personality. But Lord Snowden, being a Yorkshireman, "hates intrusion into his private affairs". He asks to be judged on his public record. And the public face which he presents to the world is that of a stubborn, bitter fighter.

The story begins, just seventy years ago, in the village of Ickornshaw, where the Yorkshire moors are at their sternest and ruggedest—a village which, by some queer coincidence, has produced three members of Parliament within the last thirty years. Nonconformity was the dominant force in the village, and in Philip Snowden's childhood. He still has prizes attesting a record of five years' unbroken attendance at the Wesleyan Sunday-school. Of the day-school, where the fees ranged from twopence to threepence a week, he has less kindly memories; but by the age of twelve he was a pupil-teacher, enforcing discipline on a refractory charge by making him stand with his face to the wall and say his prayers. Although they were scarcely above the poverty-line, the devotion of his parents saved him from the fate of many of his contemporaries, who were sent to work half-time in the mills at the age of ten. Philip Snowden grew up in a bleak and narrow world, where only the strong and the stubborn could hope to survive, where religion was the only distraction from the struggle for life, and where the only pleasure was the consciousness of obstacles overcome and duty performed.

His sixteenth year saw him in an insurance office, whence he passed into the Civil Service as a collector in the Inland Revenue. He was posted to Aberdeen, thoroughly enjoyed—it is a characteristic trait—two years in the Orkneys, and afterwards served in many other parts of the country. On one occasion he held up a shoot of Mr. Walter Long's and caught most of its members without game-licences. Thus did the future Chancellor first acquire, and turn to good account, his zeal in the defence of the national finances. These early chapters, written in a plain, vigorous style, without a trace of affectation or false sentiment, are the best in the book. As one reads, a contrast suggests itself with the autobiography of another politician—with the flamboyant youth and the flamboyant style of Mr. Winston Churchill. These

two men represent the antipodes of human temperament. The natural antipathy between them is so complete that both would probably accept the contrast as a compliment.

At the age of twenty-seven Snowden had a bicycling accident which seemed at first trivial, but resulted in partial paralysis of his legs:

> "After a time I became convinced that full recovery was not likely to come. It is strange but true that this conviction brought neither grief nor despondency. I calmly resigned myself to what could not be helped."

These stark words usher in a new phase of his career. Obliged to abandon the Civil Service, he threw himself into the Socialist movement. In 1893 the I.L.P. was founded. In 1900 Snowden first stood for Parliament, and got in for Blackburn in 1906. In this part of his book, autobiography merges into a history of the Labour movement. Here he found ample scope for his natural pugnacity. He comments, aptly enough, on the sturdy individualism of the trade union leaders; and though he himself did not belong to, and was in frequent conflict with, the trade union wing of the party, he was clearly a match for them in the possession of this quality.

There is no space here to review the rest of his career down to 1918, where the present volume stops. The war chapters are the least happy. Lord Snowden denies that he is a pacifist on principle. But, except that he had disapproved of the foreign policy of the Government for fifteen years, no explanation is offered of his pacifist attitude in the war which broke out in 1914. It does not help to prove that the German invasion of Belgium was a "god-send" to certain people who wanted to bring us in any event into the war. It was the issue of Belgium which decided the attitude of the Government and of the country; and this issue Lord Snowden, with a lapse from his usual courage and clarity and thought, shirks. He shirks it partly because, being absent from England on a tour round the world, he was able to shirk it at the time. But there is perhaps a more fundamental reason. Lord Snowden has always been an intellectual force. He has the distaste of the intellectual for the letting loose of the emotions; and this distaste is symptomatic of a certain lack of understanding. He has, despite his democratic convictions, the temperament of the aristocrat. He has never shared, or quite understood, the emotions of his fellow-countrymen, or even of the working-class. He is no leader of men; and he has never wielded in the Labour movement the same influence as men for whose intellectual qualifications he cannot conceal his contempt—Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson.

The sufferings of the war and the experiences of an anti-war politician did nothing to soften the asperities of Lord Snowden's political temper; and these become still more marked in the period which is reserved for the second volume. From the historical standpoint, the second volume will be more important than the one before us. But is it already clear that this autobiography will be a worthy and characteristic monument to a great man and a great public figure.

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STATIONERY

THE NEGRO IN BRITISH AFRICA

By H. T. Birch Reynardson.

NATIVE POLICY IN SOUTHERN AFRICA, by Ifor L. Evans. *Cambridge University Press.* 6s.

This very competent review of Native Policy in Africa south of the Zambesi fulfils a long-felt want; for although a large literature is in existence dealing with the subject from various angles, no comprehensive and easily-available summary has so far been attempted.

Mr. Evans' book has the great merit of treating the subject of native policy, in the countries dealt with, as a comprehensive whole, and thus enabling the reader to trace developments in a part of Africa which, however administratively divided, is in most essentials homogeneous; for, generally speaking, Africa south of the Zambesi is "White Africa"; north of the Zambesi, "Black Africa"—and the problems of the two have already come to be very different.

Mr. Evans has divided his book into four parts, of which the first and, naturally, the longest, is devoted to the Union of South Africa.

The reader to whom the subject is new will find here a very clear account not only of what "Native Policy" has been, but also what complexities and almost insoluble problems it involves when white and black are living in close juxtaposition and—as is happening to an increasing extent every day—in economic competition. The difficulties are indeed well-nigh unimaginable to those who have not lived among them; and the author shows a nice judgment in quoting Abraham Lincoln: "I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself." This sensible and charitable attitude is all the more refreshing in view of the somewhat rash didactics to which we have been accustomed in this country, from the pens of those whose hearts are rather too disposed to rule their heads.

Possibly, though, it may be questioned whether Mr. Evans does not actually err a trifle on the side of optimism in the general picture which he draws; for, satisfactory as certain measures may appear on paper, the spirit and manner of their administration must remain the test. Moreover (no doubt wisely in a book of this kind), the author eschews politics; but politics have had much to answer for—have, indeed, counted for far too much—in the European's dealings with the natives of South Africa.

Across the Limpopo politics, so far at least, have fortunately not complicated the issues, though much else, good and bad, has been imported by Southern Rhodesia from the Union and incorporated in the general lines of her Native Policy. She has been fortunate in being in the position, chronologically, of benefiting by her southern neighbour's successes and learning from her embarrassments. For instance, the land question which, insoluble now in South Africa owing to the accumulation of vested interests and prejudices, is being systematically and successfully dealt with in Rhodesia. It is, however, interesting to note that the more enlightened and progressive attitude which has recently been adopted in the Union towards tribalism and Chiefs' powers, has so far found no echo in Southern Rhodesia, which, the author believes, is peculiarly suited for the development of "indigenous society, so far as possible on Native lines."

To each of the three "Territories"—Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland—a short section is devoted. Here, as indeed throughout the book, the author is moderate in his implied criticisms, and gives due weight to the admittedly very difficult problems inherent in the administration of these little isolated "compartments"; but even so there is little to counteract the rather unfortunate impression which recent "publicity" has left in regard to these Cinderellas. Mr. Evans speaks of "indirect rule" in Bechuanaland having become so "indirect" as scarcely to be "rule" at all; and it is hard to resist the impression that a policy of *laissez faire* has, in fact, spread rather further than the confines of one Territory or of one function of government.

The final section of the book is devoted to the Mandated Territory of South West Africa. It certainly does nothing to enhance the reputation of pre-war German administration: and though, by that standard, the Union, as Mandatory Power, has improved matters, no very energetic attempt appears to have been made to implement Article 2 of the mandate. It is, of course, perfectly true that South West is a desperately poor country itself—but not so very long ago the Mandatory hastened to advance upwards of £100,000 for the "settlement" of disgruntled Boer emigrants from Angola—an action which it is difficult to conceive can contribute much to "the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants of the territory."

The "Notes and Sources," at the end of the book, are very complete and most helpful, as is also the Index. Perhaps it would have been better, had names, instead of initial letters only, been entered on the map at the end of the volume—the uninitiated might have some difficulty in identifying L as Ludertizbucht, or M as Maseru.

MEDIÆVAL RELIGION, by Christopher Dawson. *Sheed & Ward.* 6s.

"To Boileau and Pope and their contemporaries the Middle Ages were simply a gap in the history of culture", says Mr. Dawson in the course of an essay which claims for these despised centuries the honour of giving birth to the entire Romantic Tradition in Literature. The typical modern is guilty of even worse disparagement than Pope: for him mediæval is an adjective properly descriptive of everything brutal, beastly and uncivilized, from bad drains to Nazi Concentration Camps. So far have we travelled since the nineteenth-century exaltation of mediævalism. That, to be sure, was largely ignorant and sentimental, but less so than our own disparagement.

In an earlier book Mr. Dawson has shown what was the essential tradition which the Middle Ages received from classical politics and literature, and from the Christian religion. In the present book he shows what the Middle Ages made of it. He isolates, that is to say, the main strands of the mediæval civilization, social, religious, and literary, and traces the evolution of each. The book is short, and can hardly be summarized in its facts. But its point of view is social, and, being social, the stress is laid on the essential continuity of mediæval culture with what preceded and followed it. Of what it received it lost nothing, and to it added much. Yet, it was itself individual and distinctive, for it achieved what no other civilization has even attempted, "a co-operation and collaboration between religion and culture".

Mr. Dawson writes necessarily in terms of tendencies and movements. He is one of the very few living historians who can do so, and remain readable. But he adds to his book a study of a man, William Langland, which is one of the freshest and vividest pieces of criticism I have read for some time. ROGER B. LLOYD.

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DESERT AND FOREST, by L. M. Nesbitt. *Jonathan Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is said that the age of exploration, in the sense of discovering virgin soil, is over, that only the intense examination of traversed territory remains. However that may be, it is certain that, during the last decade or so, explorers in the old style, men, that is, who rightly believe that the sole way in which to know a country is to pass through it on foot or on the back of an animal, and who regard disparagingly the so-called conquest of lands by aeroplane or motor-car, have been extremely active. Well for the literature of travel that this is so! And it is to this old-fashioned school that the author of this book, whose journey, scientifically conceived and modestly proclaimed, deserved wider recognition than it received, emphatically belongs.

In 1928 Mr. Nesbitt, an English mining engineer, resolved, after examining the potentialities of Western Abyssinia, to penetrate the Danakil country, that fierce, inhospitable mixture of jungle and desert which lies partly in Italian Eritrea and partly in Abyssinia, though it owes allegiance to neither. No European previously had ever succeeded in traversing it, even by the shorter route of east to west, though several had lost their lives in attempting to so do. Their failure had been due, first to the extraordinarily hostile physical conditions, but mainly and finally to the treacherous nature of the Danakil tribes, who delight, not merely in killing a man outside their own tribe, but also in mutilating him.

The journey, one of 800 miles and lasting three and a half months, was terrific. Mr. Nesbitt, accompanied by two Italians and fifteen natives of Abyssinia and Eritrea, had, to start with, a caravan of twenty-five camels and four mules. To end, he had three fewer men, all killed by the despicable Danakil, ten fewer camels, and three fewer mules. The party survived by a miracle or a series of miracles. Crocodile-infested rivers, almost waterless deserts, lava regions and still active volcanoes, great rifts in which the shade temperature exceeded 150 deg. F.—all these had to be overcome before the Italian outpost of Kulluni could be won. It was an amazing triumph, one which was possible, in the belief of the author and of his interpreter, only because "Allah willed it." Nor can the reader, while paying greater testimony than does Mr. Nesbitt to the grand courage and endurance of himself and his companions, discover any other adequate explanation of this singular mercy and wonderful achievement.

The trek began in the south at Awash, a station to the west of the Abyssinian capital of Addis Ababa, and ended in the north at Mersa Fatima, a Red Sea village below Massowa. Between these known places Mr. Nesbitt was busy filling maps with names of sites hitherto quite unknown. Of signs of civilization, even in the legendary Sultanate of Aussa, there were few indeed. The Danakil tribes, nominally Muslims, lacked all incentive to industry or cultivation of their soil: they thought only of winning fame among themselves by the gruesome pastime of wearing part of their victims' organs around their necks. They possessed none of the qualities of, say, the Moslem tribes in Asian lands of the same latitude across the Red Sea. In short, they were impossible material for any forces of civilization to work on.

That Mr. Nesbitt's party should have been able, not only to escape death at the hands of the Danakil, but actually to procure from them a guide—what in Arabia would be called a *rafiq* or *rabia*—is most conclusive evidence that he was endowed with superlative qualities of tact and audacity as a traveller. How completely he was equipped as a geographer and natural observer is obvious to the most superficial reader of this entrancing and stirring book.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

HARRAP'S STANDARD FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY, Part One: French-English, Edited by J. E. Mansion. *Harrap.* 42*s.*

ANYONE who knows a foreign language tolerably well (and he who does not had much better keep to a phrase-book) is apt to be infuriated when, confronted by a common word, he seeks enlightenment in his "dictionary" and finds an entry to the effect that, say, *facturation* = facturation (when it really means "invoicing") or *euphorie* is given as, "euphoria," and he is left to whistle for a synonym. Or you may be stumped by a turn of phrase which is recognizable as being fresh from the mint of French usage, and the "dictionary" helpfully refers you to a tag from Molière.

The present writer, who has done a good deal of translation work and so often drawn a blank, starts then with an unreasoning prejudice against the lexicographical profession. But Mr. Mansion beckons, and he is utterly disarmed. No longer can he indulge his foible. For at last we have a French dictionary which *is* a dictionary and not a word-list; a treasure trove for the translator who finds in it not only a record of current French diction, *i.e.* the vernacular, with the phrasing and idiom peculiar to it, but also, *mirabile dictu*, the authentic and up-to-date English equivalents—instead of the usual archaic verbalisms. That the volume abounds in technological terms (there are nearly 40 derivatives of *aero*), which must be regarded as current coin in this machine-age, is a minor detail beside this unwonted pleasure. Even Americanisms, in so far as they have been naturalized, so to speak, are sprinkled about Mr. Mansion's pages.

In each case the pronunciation of the word is indicated in accordance with the standard phonetic transcription. And, as in Elwall, the most promising veteran of French-English dictionaries,

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numbers and letters are employed to divide a word into semantic units. A novel and entirely satisfactory feature, in this connection, is the grouping of phrases and idioms belonging to each semantic family.

In a masterly foreword the Editor traces the dimensions of his task. The work was initiated in 1919—although Messrs. Harrap's, who have done so much for linguistic study in this country had already conceived the project before the war. Mr. Mansion sent out his antennæ, a corps of sleuths, as it were, with orders to track down any word or phrase coined by modern French writers and note it on a card. 200,000 captures were made, we are told, in the period before the French-English section closed for Press. The hunt is still on. But, faithful to his single-minded conception of a Dictionary reflecting, above all, modern usage the Editor was not satisfied until he had commissioned other manifold anonymous collaborators living and working in France to catch neologisms on the wing. Thus the sources (of which a list is given) are not merely Hatzfeld and Darmesteter, post-war fictional narrative and the technical phrase-catalogues, with, maybe G. H. Clarke's *Manuel Lexique* as a stand-by —the greatest and most fruitful source is life itself with its ever-changing hues reflected in the *nuances* of language. What a commentary it is on our times, for instance, that the original and proper sense of *atermoiement*, given here as being an "arrangement with creditors for an extension of time of payment", and alternatively "renewal of a bill" should have now in current usage been practically lost and have been replaced by the general connotation "shilly-shallying"!

We shall await eagerly the English-French volume which is promised for the end of next year.

W. Horsfall Carter.

MODERN ENGLAND (1885-1932). A history of my own times, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

History books are now being written by authors who have many more valuable qualities than a knowledge of the contents of libraries and record offices. One might almost say that there is a new *plein air* school of historical research, conducted by men of the world who live in the open air of public affairs rather than in universities. When Mr. Hilaire Belloc had a desire to understand Latin civilization he walked to Rome, and over a great deal of France, in order to learn what he wanted to know. The habit has been encouraged by the many soldiers, of all ranks, who have recently written innumerable books of the history which they saw and did in the field. In many other ways the scope of historical authorship is widening. M. Halévy is giving us a new history of England as it appears from the faraway viewpoint of the French shores.

Now Sir John Marriott has given us a history of England since 1885 which in form is the latest volume of the standard history of England since the days of the Stone Age, edited by Sir Charles Oman; yet, it is really something of a very original kind. Sir John Marriott is, of course, a well-known scholar of Oxford University, trained to conduct his researches in a strictly scientific manner, in order that the discovery of the facts shall be his essential work. But he is more than a scholar. He has a long experience as a very active man of affairs in the House of Commons and in public life in many spheres. The result has been a History of England which is a very living thing indeed. It is drawn from the life, as they say in the art schools.

Its methods and fundamental principles are exceedingly modern. It is difficult to know whether the followers of the economic interpretation of history school will be amazed or pleased when

ney see that this Tory and Oxford scholar announces on his first page that he Bessemer process for the production f steel makes the basis of the history of ur present economic civilization. From hat he goes on to point out the vital mportance of the surface condenser hich made the big steamship possible, nd the refrigerators and cold storage hich worked an economic revolution in he food supply. This writer has got far eyond the old school, which spent so many pages on matters of constitutional istory and parliamentary debates. He nows that the important things happen the working world and not in the ssemblies where they discuss them, ftentimes very vaguely, in theory.

It is very pleasant to know that an ctive politician can maintain such an onourable sense of fairness towards his pponents. There are in this book, among many others, most valuable and ust miniature portraits of Mr. Gladstone nd Mr. Parnell which could only have een drawn by a writer of very fine uman sympathies. Sir John Marriott s able in a remarkably effective manner to combine judicial judgment with a certain dramatic interest, and some times with passion, however intellectually he keeps it in restraint.

This book is a most valuable and impartial statement of all those essential facts of our recent history which are the basis of what we are doing or attempting to do today. If a citizen desires to take an intelligent part in dragging his country out of the desperate morasses in which we are now floundering, then here is a most admirable text-book in which to study the evidence. Some may consider that this politician is too enthusiastic concerning the growth of British imperialism; but it must be realized that by this expression Sir John Marriott is the truest historian; for in very fact this outburst of imperialism is the key note of the history which led up to the catastrophe of the Great War. In this book, for example, it is possible to understand what the "scramble for Africa" meant in world history. The reader will also be able to trace the revolt against the Victorian *laissez-faire*, and to understand that the imperialist Joseph Chamberlain, was not necessarily an enemy of democracy because he desired to maintain a high standard of life in England by a protective tariff against the imports of lower civilizations or better climates. And if there are readers who resent any useful lessons, then here is a most attractive story of a living nation. It is full of human interests.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

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THESE TIMES, by J. A. Spender. *Cassell.* 5*s.*

THE value of this little book is in inverse ratio to its size. It is a small book containing some 40-50,000 words, but it is not thin. On the contrary is is full of what Bacon called "stuff," by which he meant not nonsense but solid meat.

Mr. Spender sets out to survey, from the standpoint of an experienced observer of affairs, the world position of today. The writer of such a book runs the risk, as Mr. Spender explicitly recognizes, "of being caught out by events which may happen between writing and going to press." That risk he endeavours to minimise by confining himself to "the ground-plan which is likely to remain very much what it is, whatever decisions may be taken at Geneva or Downing Street during the next few months." About "decisions," at any rate at Geneva, Mr. Spender need not, surely, be apprehensive. They are the last thing likely to be taken there.

Mr. Spender is a wholehearted apologist for Parliamentary Democracy. So am I—for Great Britain, and for peoples of British blood, carrying with them across the oceans the long tradition of self-government.

But I should demur to the statement that "democracy is nothing without Parliament" (p. 2). The advocates of revolutionary policies imagine that "something called a 'mandate' entitles them to override what their fellow citizens call law and constitution"; this, says Mr. Spender, "is fatal both to Parliament and to democracy, for democracy is nothing without Parliament. The executives which use power in this way have everywhere extinguished Parliament and by so doing killed democracy." I have as little liking for "the advocates of revolutionary policies" as Mr. Spender; perhaps less. But I hesitate thus to identify democracy with Parliamentary Government. What about the United States? Surely Mr. Spender will not deny that the form of the American Constitution is "democratic." Most certainly, however, it is not "Parliamentary". On the example of ancient Athens I lay no stress, for though Pericles claimed it as a "democracy" and Mr. Grote applauded it as such, it was in fact a slave-owning oligarchy. But what about Switzerland, which claims to be the only real democracy in the modern world. That it is a democratic State none would deny, but its peculiar type of democracy is direct rather than representative. But though I must differ from Mr. Spender on this point, I cordially concur in his practical conclusion that we Englishmen must "keep our eye on the parliamentary boundary and have nothing to do with any policy which threatens to take us

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outside it" (p. 5). That way lies the danger of dictatorship.

To the modern experiments in autocracy Mr. Spender devotes—inevitably—a large proportion of his limited space. Of the Russian experiment he writes with wise restraint and caution. He insists that we cannot begin to understand what is going on in Russia unless we grasp the truth that the doctrines proclaimed and acted upon in that country "are not only sincere but held with a fanaticism which makes them the religion of the hierarchy that governs Russia" (p. 11). "The young Communists," he writes elsewhere, "who tighten their belts for the glory of the Soviet Republic are no fit objects for mockery, whether in pursuit of their plan they are entitled to inflict on the millions of the fellow-citizens the hardships, the shortage, the dragooning and the martyrdom which have attended their effort until now is a different question" (p. 20). Indeed it is.

Fascism and Nazism Mr. Spender regards as the off-spring of Communism. I doubt whether the relationship is quite so close or direct as that.

"In all essentials the Russian working model has been followed," he writes, "with extraordinary exactitude by the organizers of the Fascist movements in Italy, Germany, and other countries which believed themselves to be threatened by the Russian example. . . . The variations are few and accidental" (p. 24). Mr. Spender is perhaps thinking rather of the political autocracy than of economic reconstruction. But if and so far as he has the latter in mind I must respectfully differ. Signor Mussolini is, of course, committed to a "planned" Economy; so is Mr. Roosevelt. But the Corporative State is something widely different from Nationalization.

Mr. Spender seems to be on surer ground when he gets to his own country. Here he is wholly admirable—exposing, in trenchant fashion, many popular fallacies. Only to a few of these exposures can reference be made. One of the best points he makes is that unrest among the wage-earners in England is due less to deepening poverty than to increasing prosperity. "The great mass of the people are evidently better off than they were thirty or even twenty years ago." Are they, therefore, more contented? On the contrary, "this improvement is one of the causes of the present unrest." That, I am convinced, is a profound and most important truth.

It is well, too, that we should remind ourselves that there has been, in the last twenty years, a redistribution of wealth on a vast scale. That, I take it, is what Mr. Spender has in mind when he writes: "The common talk of recovering 'pre-war prosperity' is nonsense. To go back to pre-war conditions for the great majority of people in Great Britain would be a heavy set-back." That is undeniably true, but it is pertinent to ask how this redistribution of wealth has been effected? Mr. Spender would not deny that if "the great majority of people" are better off, very important sections of the people—important from the point of view of wealth production—are much worse off. The essential consideration is whether the improvement in the lot of the masses has been attained without detriment to the permanent sources of wealth production. Plainly it has resulted in the impoverishment of a large section of the wealthier classes. But that does not matter—except to the individuals concerned—so long as the transference of wealth does not detrimentally affect our reproductive power. Is not Mr. Spender satisfied that it does not? Thus far the yield of Income Tax and Death Duties has kept up in a remarkable fashion. Can we count on these sources of revenue for the future?

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

ENGLISH COUNTRY, edited by H. J. Massingham. *Wishart.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

My first critical thrust at this charming book of essays on the English countryside is successfully parried by Mr. Massingham in his editorial introduction: it is therefore useless for me to state that the book is rendered null and void by the glaring, the fatal, omission of Northumberland. Besides, the hordes inhabiting Kent, Sussex, Suffolk, Hampshire and the other counties here represented would fail, or pretend to fail, to appreciate this obvious fact. Let me then waive Northumberland and say what remains to be said for the book.

There are three ways of writing about the country. The most obvious, the most dangerous, and the easiest to do badly, is to beat the pen into a paintbrush and, using words instead of water-colours or oils, to paint. This method forces upon the writer a perilous traffic with adjectives and adverbs in which he perpetually runs the risk of falling, on the one side, into the picturesque commonplace and, on the other, into the far too consciously felicitous. To avoid these two pitfalls is a matter requiring considerable imagination, sincerity and skill. Another method is to deal with the country and its people as a living unit with a character and temperament of its own, and a third, which combines in some degree the other two, goes deeper still and views the whole with a sharp awareness of its history, pre-history, geography and geology. All three methods and various blends of them are represented here, and the names of the writers of these sixteen essays give a promise, which a reading amply fulfils, of the success with which the aim of the book is realised.

To discover the individual qualities of a town, a village or a tract of country, we must linger in it, absorb it and be absorbed by it, and so too a book of this nature, if we are to do it justice and extract its full effect, must be read gradually and not as the unhappy reviewer is compelled to read it. But even when read as the reviewer—the conscientious reviewer—reads, it leaves a single and very definite impression of the English countryside. Like all good books about the country, it is an historical document; it is full of the sense of the changes which modern civilization (or is it barbarism?) is bringing into the old life of England, and one realizes even more acutely after reading it that something infinitely precious to us is being encroached upon and irretrievably spoilt, the old beauty, the old customs, and the old irreplaceable humanity of rural England.

To discriminate among the essays is largely to reveal a personal bias. Mr. Ivor Brown's article on the North Riding of Yorkshire is from every point of view an excellent piece of work, but the fact that it seems to me the best of all is probably due to my preference for the third of the three methods of treatment which I have mentioned; and that, no doubt, is also why I place Mr. Bates's and Mr. Mottram's essays next. Other readers will prefer other writers, for there is excellence in all three forms to choose from.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE REV. SMITH, SIDNEY, by Osbert Burdett. *Chapman & Hall.* 15*s.*

The wit of Sydney Smith, Mr. Osbert Burdett seems to have felt, has in the past been over-clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar, and he seeks to restore the balance by stressing rather the man of sense to whom the celebrated wit and humour were no more than garnishings. The diner-out, the social figure of Holland House, is not neglected, but more attention is given to the preacher and the pamphleteer. It may be true enough to say of Sydney Smith that he "talked his way from the

solitude of Salisbury Plain to a canonry of St. Paul's Cathedral," but Mr. Burdett would have us realize the solid substance of that talk, whether delivered from pulpit or platform or in a written prose which, as is rightly suggested, gives us all but the speaker's gestures.

It is a merit of this biography that it does not seek to exaggerate its subject's gifts, presenting him as precisely what he was, a man of a complete integrity within his limitations as " so typical a product of the later eighteenth century," a Man of Sense as opposed to a Man of Feeling, one who had, in fact, in Mr. Burdett's own phrase, more sense than sensibility, who was " most acute on matters of fact," and " too active to be very introspective," who emphatically divorced Christianity from " enthusiasm," and dismissed the beginnings of the Oxford Movement as " Newmania." What is most attractive in Sydney Smith's life is defined in a half-sentence : " the sight of great capacities, limited by circumstances, yet always proving equal to them." It was not his wish to enter the Church at all, but compelled to do so he accepted his lot and channelled his evident ambitions within it. He accepted too the existing state and customs of the Church ; some would even say its abuses, but he never shut his eyes to the defined duty lying before him. (He willingly took, for example, a non-resident living ; but, compelled to live there, worked hard for the local good.) And at no time did he ever abate the plain statement of his honest and unpopular opinions upon prison, Game Laws, and electoral, reform, or upon intolerance to Catholics, in the obvious interests of professional preferment. As curate on Salisbury Plain, as preacher in Edinburgh and London, as rector in Yorkshire and Somerset, as Canon of St. Paul's, as social figure, as lecturer and as journalist, he spoke his liberal mind and damned the consequences.

Mr. Burdett presents Sydney Smith as, finally, " a very remarkable Christian," one who without touch of doubt " accepted religion calmly as the foundation of truth," and who built up upon that basis the structure of a thoroughly healthy life. His book as a whole creates a pleasantly written, easily readable, and thoroughly agreeable if unexciting portrait, based upon careful study and balanced by genuinely critical judgment adequate to its subject. But he might surely, upon page 122, have made acknowledgment to Mr. Aldous Huxley, and it is an error, at least of terminology, to suggest, as on page 123, that Charles Darwin was ever an atheist.

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE STORY OF TROILUS, edited by Prof. R. K. Gordon. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE story of Helen of Troy is as universally known as the parables of Æsop, and poetry is sown thick with references to her beauty. But her story has never been seriously retold. On the other hand the less well known story of her contemporary, Cressida, has been told several times, and four times by poets. The reason for this becomes simple when the retellings are examined with the Helen story in mind. The psychological map for the characters in the Helen story is established and final. Homer has been allowed to draw it once and for all. But there is no final word on the other story. The motives involved in the true and false love of Troilus and Cressida are mysterious and permanently seek elucidation. The question why Cressida left Troilus rises again and again, and it rises because the answer of no one person is wide enough. So that each new teller gives his reasons, and makes a new psychological map.

In Benoît, Briseida (the Cressida of the

ater versions) is a slave girl, which means hat her relations towards Troilus remain imple. Boccaccio makes her socially the qual of Troilus and creates Pandarus to e her cousin. Chaucer avuncularizes Pandarus—a masterly stroke—and gives ver a quarter of the long poem to his worldly and wordy advisings. His treatments of the story made Dryden remark hat the genius of the English, in literature and in manufactures, was to improve n invention rather than invent themselves. Henryson provided the story with powerful sequel, and at last Shakespeare oncluded with one of his most neglected nd poetical plays—Shakespeare's Cressida, by the way, is by no means the anton Professor Gordon thinks her.

This is a book which translates the ersions of Benoît and Boccaccio, and reprints those of Chaucer and Henryson. All students of English literature, whether general or specialist, will want o have it. The texts have never before een assembled in this way, and the book s an invitation for the reader to begin encilling in his cross-references. There re some fine ones to come across. In Boccaccio, for instance, Cressida falls in ove suddenly. Chaucer is subtler: " For I say not that she so suddenly gave im her love, but that she gan incline to ike him first. . . ."

GEOFFREY TILLOTSON.

AT THE SIGN OF THE THISTLE, by Hugh Macdiarmid. *Stanley Nott.* 5*s.*

SCOTTISH SCENE, by Lewis Crassic Gibbon and Hugh Macdiarmid. *Jarrolds,* 7*s.* 6*d.*

HATRED, in the hands of a master, may be the basis of much that is grand, terrifying and even beautiful in art and literature. To pretend that this is not so is to share one of the pleasant hypocrisies which we owe to the Christian churches, though the works of two Christian poets, Milton and Dante, are sufficient, one would have thought, to prove its falsity beyond doubt.

Mr. Macdiarmid's hatred is not of this order, or, if it is, the poet has not risen to his opportunity. His hatred of England, and of the Anglicisation of Scotland, is the theme of the whole of his own book of essays and of his contribution to the other now under review. Even where it is not explicit, as in his studies of Gertrude Stein, it creeps in in the form of an appeal to Scottish writers to abandon English models and to seek their affinities in the great continental models. And in the course of it the writer hardly rises once to the level of wholehearted feeling. Far from an exhibition of hatred handled by a master, we are treated to the spectacle of a poet so mastered by his hatred that his style is crippled and distorted, his integrity warped and obscured, if not at times altogether destroyed by it. This is the more to be regretted in that Mr. Macdiarmid's other work has often been worthy of a distinguished place in literature. The obsession seems to have grown of late years.

Mr. Gibbon also shares much of this feeling, with the difference that it has not mastered either his own self-respect or his artistic purpose. His style is racy and serenely Scottish, his characterization certain, subtle, and genial. The stories and essays which he contributes to the second of these books are a lively contrast to the alternate moaning and boasting of Mr. Macdiarmid. The form of the book—a collection of essays, stories, sketches, and poems about Scottish life, is worthy of imitation. Both that and what is best worth reading in the text we owe to Mr. Gibbon. In only one poem, " Tam o' the Wilds," does his collaborator escape from his obsession. It is enough to make the reader wish that he could do so more often.

ALAN M. WELLS.

SALVATION, by Sholem Asch. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

BLIND MOUTHS, by Thomas F. Tweed. *Barker.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A HANDFUL OF DUST, by Evelyn Waugh. *Chapman & Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SALVATION, the second of Mr. Sholem Asch's novels to be translated into English, is the story of a saint. Jechiel was a Polish Jew born soon after the Napoleonic Wars. From the first, the child felt an especial duty towards his God. He hid alone in the synagogue, at the dread hour when the spirits of the dead assemble. He stood on his hands in the synagogue, calling upon God to count for how many seconds he held the balance. His father went away to study, and the boy had to be taken away from school to help support his mother. One way and another, he found teachers, and made up the shameful deficit, till at last he was sent off to teach the children of an innkeeper in the country. Growing up here, he attracted the favour even of the half-mad count who tyrannized over the estate, and was in increasingly high repute with the ignorant peasants, who took to calling him Rabbi. He protested, but they literally forced the title on him, and the day came when he dared to pledge God's word for a lesser miracle. The miracle took place, and was followed by others, but it cost Jechiel the life of his Reisel, and the child that was born in fulfilment of the pledge was later to become the battlefield of two warring faiths, and to be the first link in a chain that drew the Rabbi to his grave.

Mr. Sholem Asch writes with unflagging vigour and power. His note rises often to *fortissimo.* His emotional range is such, however, that this gives no effect of weakness. The book is full, wide, and deep. Its characterization is clear-cut, it shows a real understanding of spiritual ecstasy and terror, and the very writing seems to shudder with awe when, as often, the narrative approaches the miraculous or the sense of communion with God. The chapters describing the results of the girl's apostasy are of extraordinary brilliance. *Salvation* is not perhaps a book of the same stature as *Three Cities,* but it is big enough, and does nothing to disturb the belief that Mr. Asch is one of the few great living novelists.

Colonel Tweed handles a similar subject, but with far less skill. *Blind Mouths* deals with the coming of a saviour to the modern world, with his teaching, his rejection, and his death. The time is the near future. Johann Imri brings his gift of healing to Danubia, a federation of countries including Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, ruled over by a dictator with the customary paraphernalia of Whiteshirts and the like. The characters of this dictator, of the journalist Harnack, and Johann himself are clearly realized ; and, as regards the parallel of Johann's life with that of Christ, we may agree with Col. Tweed that, given the man and the circumstances, " the attitude of Church, State, and articulate public opinion in every modern community makes it inevitable that history would repeat itself."

Mr. Waugh shows us, if not the righteous man, the ordinary decent man at the mercy of an unrighteous world. From the moment the egregious John Beaver came to stay at Hetton, Tony Last's doom was assured. He, poor fellow, did not realize that anything was wrong, until his wholly delightful little boy was killed on the way back from a hunt. Almost immediately Brenda left him for Beaver. Dazed and acquiescent at first, he consented to be divorced, but began to fight when at last he realized her utter selfishness. The story finishes in Brazil, with a grimness that remains obstinately in the mind which, for its own comfort, would be glad to forget it.

Mr. Waugh is a writer of real importance. In this, his fourth novel, his note

deeper and even angrier than before. ne peculiar mixture of farce and agedy, which is all his own, deserves a r longer consideration than can here be ven it. Suffice it to say that *A Handful Dust* is a highly pertinent criticism of e today, and should be read by all who ke an intelligent interest in our time. is hard to know what to admire most the brilliant dialogue; the way in hich Brenda deteriorates without losing r charm from the moment she succumbs Beaver; the incidental portraits, such the groom Ben (effortlessly and per-ctly drawn); the scene where Tony and rs. Rattery play snap; or the end.

Here is one entirely unspectacular piece dialogue which could not be bettered. en is speaking to Tony after the boy's ath :—

"'I was thinking about the pony, sir.'

"'Oh yes, Ben?'

"'Will you want to be keeping her now?'

"'I hadn't thought . . . no, I suppose not.'

"'Mr. Westmacott, over at Restall, was asking about her. He thought she might do for his little girl.'

"'Yes.'

"'How much shall we be asking?'

"'Oh, I don't know . . . whatever you think is right.'

"'She's a good little pony and she's always been treated well. I don't think she ought to go under twenty-five quid, sir.'

"'All right, Ben; you see about it.'

"'I'll ask thirty, shall I, sir, and come down a bit?'

"'Do just what you think best.'

"'Very good, sir.'"

One terrible exclamation of Brenda, hen she discovers which John has been illed, strains belief to breaking point: ut that is the sole obstacle in this rilliant, unnerving performance.

L. A. G. STRONG.

THE HUGE SHIPWRECK, by Kathleen Freeman. *Cape*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

AT SEA, by Alder Calder-Marshall. *Cape*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

PENANG APPOINTMENT, by Norman Collins. *Gollancz*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

BARNHAM RECTORY, by Doreen Wallace. *Collins*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

PERHAPS the achievement of the old, rich novelists, who got their effect of life by piling-up detail and, while necessarily selective, refused to acknowledge any lacunæ in their vision, was brought to its unexpected head by James Joyce with his massing of "dailinesses" to form a nightmarish reality. In any case it is a mark of our better young novelists that they assume no mantle of omniscience and are conscious of the frequent gaps that confront the onlooker upon life. They show things happening as they do in life, barely perceptible, and they permit things not to happen when, by all the novelistic rules, they ought at least to show a leg. Miss Kathleen Freeman, choosing her title from those lines of John Clare's which tell of "the huge shipwreck of my own esteem and all that's dear", has made a successful experiment that is rather one of management than of technique. She tells, delicately, quietly, almost in a whisper, with occasional pauses in which the reader draws a wondering breath, the story of a group of girls who were drawn together in and out of school by mutual sympathies and hostilities. Three of them love the same young man who, in his way, loves each of them in turn. We do not get to know Tobias very well and, when he shoots himself at the end, we are not greatly grieved on his account. But he acts as a touchstone to the women, Estella, Veronica and Sadie, Estella being the one we know from the inside. Since *Mädchen in Uniform*, we have had presented a number of girls' schools in fiction, some of them excellent, but of those that have come my way, none is at once so unstrained and so full of the touching beauty of youth as this one,

and I know few finer portraits of girls. To compare *The Huge Shipwreck* with *Mädchen in Uniform* is like comparing a Marie Laurencin with an effective German poster, but it goes deeper in words than Laurencin does in paint. And it does not lose sight of the terrible truth that youth endures without dying. For violence in the face of life and character it substitutes reverence.

Mr. Calder-Marshall sets himself a simpler task so far as his story goes, although his treatment is equally modern and his technique considerably more experimental. John and Elsa, on the first day of their honeymoon, hire a rowing-boat, and through John's careless loss of an oar are adrift for twenty-four hours. In this time they live through physical and spiritual experiences which teach them more of themselves, and especially of each other, than a married couple in ordinary circumstances might learn in a lifetime. What happens to their bodies and souls is told by a series of interior monologues—no new device, but used here with skill and a commendable measure of success. If, in the texture and rhythm of their thoughts, remembered emotions and recurrent dreams, there is a closer similarity than seems probable, that is because—and it is the inherent defect of the method—our knowledge is built up from fragments parsimoniously imparted or imperfectly assimilated, which, in the end, is insufficient to compel from us more than a humanitarian concern for them in their peril. But the author remembers often enough that for the unprofessional reader the tale is the thing, and he commands the interest not merely of those who are concerned with technique but of others whose attention would be more easily disengaged. He interpolates episodes of people's lives ashore during the same period—sharply drawn pictures which quicken interest even if the relevancy to the main theme is not immediately discernible. Also Mr. Calder-Marshall writes with freshness and vigour, often with remarkable verbal felicity.

In Mr. Norman Collins's first adventure into fiction we are once more, and in an artistic as well as a literal sense, at sea. Everything happens aboard a second-rate liner on her way to Penang, and the best of all the characters is the liner herself with her brown and crimson decorations and her carved woodwork. The facts and feelings and appearances of a voyage have never been better put down for us. Of the human characters I am not quite so sure. Our ultimate ignorance of the chief person, Stephen MacFadyen, is not the ignorance of life confronted by character, but of insufficient insight on the part of Mr. Potter. Of the hapless Gratia we know little except her beauty, which is well conveyed, and in consequence she does not hold us. Of her father we are told too often the same things and we feel doubtful, when the surprise of his nature is sprung upon us. And of Gratia's beefy lover, who too conveniently dies, leaving the dubious field to Stephen, we believe he is not so vulgar as he is painted.

Barnham Rectory, a Book Society's choice, is plain sailing but very much on land. There is nothing new in it except the presence of modern social problems, but Miss Wallace knows and loves the country and has shrewdly observed the parish. We do not believe in the suicide of the country lad who, loving the vicar's daughter, takes physical comfort from his fellow servant and feels irremediably soiled as a result. But the servant girl is well done; so much so that we ask ourselves with a shudder whether Tess of the D'Urbervilles wore questionable underclothes and was sluttish in her nightgown. Poor Emmie's nobility, however, is as truly rendered as the village flower-show on a wet day.

CATHERINE CARSWELL.